SECTION INCLUDED WITH THIS ISSUE

FROM A JAPANESE PRISON

A Complete 15,000-Word Story by Kensaku Shimaki

VOL. XXVI, NO. 7, NEW YORK, N. Y.: IN TWO SECTIONS OF WHICH THIS IS SECTION ONE

NEW MASSES

FEBRUARY 8, 1938 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Strategy of the Eighth Route Army

Told by

MAO TSE-TUNG

In an Interview with James Bertram

★

Twilight of Hearst *by* **Joseph Starobin**

Steel Towns That Labor Runs *by* **Bruce Minton**

The Federal Arts Bill *by* **Elizabeth Noble**

Rise and Fall of Cecil Beaton *by* **Robert Forsythe**

Drawings and Cartoons by William Gropper, Hugo Gellert, and Others

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE literary section this month is only sixteen pages. We unfortunately had to withhold publication of Edward G. Wall's unusual short story, "Words I Did Not Speak"; the many expressions by poets and readers on the current discussion of "Is Poetry Dead?"; and poems by William Rose Benet and H. H. Lewis. On the page opposite we state the reason for this enforced economy. The same reason of financial stringency is holding up our plans for a theater arts section. We have more letters than we can print supporting the project of this new section, but until we can see our way clear to guaranteeing its production for a few issues until it establishes itself, we cannot go ahead.

Last-minute warning: there are only a few choice seats left for our night of music and for our benefit of *The Cradle Will Rock*. Make your reservations immediately by calling CAledonia 5-3076.

Our third theater party of the season is for Francis Faragoh's play, *Sunup to Sundown*, and takes place on Friday, February 25. The play has just won the two-thousand-dollar first prize in the I.L.G.W.U.'s play contest. Its strength, according to the judges who voted it first prize, rests in its understanding of the child-labor problem, its tender depiction of a love affair that flowers between two youngsters, and its general handling of the theme. It is Mr. Faragoh's first play. Up until now most of his writing efforts have been confined to motion-picture work. Scenarios credited to him are *Little Caesar*, *Frankenstein*, and *Becky Sharp*.

What's What

SEVERAL weeks ago Robert Gessner charged in our columns (January 25, 1938) that Jewish hotel-owners in Miami, Fla., were anti-Semitic and opposed to the employment of Jewish help. From Jules Koslow, down in Miami Beach, came the immediate reply that the article "hits the spot. It's about time somebody woke up to the fact that a disgraceful condition exists among Jewish employers in various parts of the country. With fascism already existing in many countries, with violent anti-Semitism in Germany, Rumania, etc., some Jews, rich Jews to be sure, value the making of a few dollars more than uniting in a popular movement to stop fascism and its anti-Semitic characteristics."

From Walter Jacobs, one of the owners of the Alamac Hotel mentioned by Gessner, comes a denial of the charges made. "Aside from porters and bellhops, who are colored boys, our service is about 50 percent Jewish. . . . We experience a turnover of 20 percent each season. Funny that the greater part of our turnover is Jewish. . . . All except thirty of the boys in the dining room are Jewish. . . . Just checked with the Chamber of Commerce and our city administration. Contrary to Mr. Gessner's figures, about 50 percent of the hotels at Miami Beach are owned by folk of the Jewish faith. About 20 percent of the hotels in Greater Miami are owned by Jewish folk."

Henry W. Splitter criticizes the lack of synchronization between the drawings appearing in the magazine and the articles. "Why not have all drawings specifically for the various articles and sections?" he writes. "The present amorphous and random associations blur the effect they produce. In several instances, in fact, there is a marked dissonance."

L. Miller writes that he has about two hundred back copies of the NEW MASSES which he would gladly give to any interested group or organization. Requests for the copies should be sent to Mr. Miller in care of the NEW MASSES, and will be forwarded to him.

Joan Bradley was "interested in Eleanor Flexner's summary of the left-wing and social theater in the current season [issue of February 18, 1938]. The only disappointment in this excellent brief discussion was its failure to mention the Artef collective. . . . I happen to be a Gentile with no knowledge of Yiddish who has tremendously enjoyed two Artef productions." Comparing the work of Orson Welles and Benno Schneider, Miss Bradley finds that "Schneider's sense of movement and of unity is much more integrated and equally vital. . . . In addition the Artef company played with a coöperativeness, an awareness of one another and of the whole, which carries its own social implications, and which is approached but by no means equaled at the Mercury."

The League of American Writers announces several evening courses in writing. Most of the instructors have at one time or another contributed to the NEW MASSES. Registration closes February 4. The courses include (1) Advanced Short Story Writing: instructor, Philip Stevenson; (2) Commercial Short Story: instructor, Mary Elting; (3) The Short Story in Outline: instructor, Lillian Barnard Gilkes; (4) Technique of Verse: instructor, Rolfe Humphries; (5) Great Poets: instructor, Genevieve Taggard; (6) Labor Journalism and Publicity Methods: instructor, Harold Coy; (7) Pamphlet Writing: instructor, Vera Caspary. Classes are held one evening a week for ten weeks beginning February 7. Applications should be submitted to Eunice Stanley, Secretary, The Writers' School, Room 516, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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The drawing on page 28 of last week's issue was erroneously credited to Charles Martin. The drawing was made by Thompson M. Funk.

Who's Who

KENSAKU SHIMAKI is considered one of the foremost Japanese proletarian writers. His book, *Prison*, a collection of five stories, of which we have reprinted one, was published shortly after the author was released from prison. It created a sensation in Japan. In less than two years it went through twenty-one printings. The passages deleted by the censor have been filled in by the author, so that the translation is complete. . . . George Furiya, who translated Shimaki's story, is a young Japanese writer, born and educated in the United States. . . . James Bertram, a young New Zealander, first visited the former Soviet regions in China in 1936. He was the only foreign correspondent to cover the famous Sian incident, when General Chiang Kai-shek was held captive for several days. *First Act in China*, recently published by Viking Press, the story of his experiences during that episode, will be reviewed in our next issue. The interview in this issue is the first extensive statement made by Mao Tse-tung, foremost spokesman of the Chinese Communists, since the former Chinese Red Army, now called the Eighth Route Army, went into action on the northern front. . . . Moissaye J. Olgin is editor of the Jewish *Morning Freiheit*, and New York correspondent of *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. . . . Kenneth Burke is author of *Attitudes Toward History* and *Permanence and Change*. . . . Millen Brand's best-selling psychological novel, *The Outward Room*, is now being dramatized by Sidney Kingsley for production by Labor Stage, the I.L.G.W.U. theater. . . . Sidney Kaufman conducts a weekly broadcast of "Cinema Comment" over station WQXR in New York every Monday at 9:45 p.m.

Flashbacks

ON February 9, 1917, Warren Billings, after having been called un-American and a German agent, was sentenced to life imprisonment on framed charges of having thrown a bomb into a Preparedness Day Parade. His fellow labor-organizer, the leading San Francisco radical, Tom Mooney, was that day sentenced to be hanged. . . . February has always been a time when the unemployed particularly manifested their group resistance to privation. In London, February 8, 1886, a riot was the sequel to the demand of the jobless for work and bread. . . . On February 10, 1921, gendarmes in Wevelghen, Belgium, prevented the unemployed from occupying and running several industrial plants. . . . In Oslo, Norway, four years later, February 6, 1925, the unemployed demonstrated before Parliament. . . . With the coöperation of the Communist Parties of the world, the unemployed demonstrated simultaneously in many countries on February 4, 1932.

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NEW MASSES
FEBRUARY 8, 1938

TO OUR READERS

THE NEW MASSES is in immediate danger of suspension. Private efforts having failed to meet this emergency, we are forced to appeal to you for help.

We turn to the one source of strength that has never failed us. We would be remiss in our duty if we did not go directly to you with a statement of the situation. We believe we have a right to ask our readers for help, and that you will respond.

We need $20,000 at once. We need it to meet the immediate emergency and to ensure the magazine's existence for one year.

Our readers must understand that the NEW MASSES has no outside financial resources or backing, no angels. Our sole sources of revenue are circulation and advertising, plus a few affairs during the year, such as our annual ball, a theater benefit now and again, etc.

Our financial deficit is approximately $350 a week—nearly $20,000 a year. The accumulation of many weekly deficits has piled up debts which now are threatening to stop us. And this crisis comes at just the moment when we have a larger prospect of expansion than ever before; when we have the possibility of soon being able to cover completely the field in which the NEW MASSES is the sole representative—that of a revolutionary weekly political and cultural magazine upholding the principles of the people's front.

In this issue we present our third monthly literary section. At the same time we are forced to tell you frankly that unless you send in your contributions immediately we cannot go on.

The literary section is as yet an additional expense, and we realize that we invite the retort that we should economize. But that is exactly what the NEW MASSES cannot do, as regards the basic irreducible costs of publishing—paper, ink, and printers' bills. We economize—as no other magazine can—on the money cost of the human effort that produces the magazine. Artists and writers give unstintingly of their best, as they have for years, with little or no pay. They will not fail the NEW MASSES, and we must not fail them or our readers.

In publishing this literary section we are simply doing our duty to our readers. We are heeding the demands of writers and critics and readers for an outlet for material which no other magazine will consistently publish. From the response to the literary section we know that our readers think we are fulfilling this duty reasonably well.

Nevertheless, with a magazine which many tell us shows substantial improvement, we are actually face to face with the threat of suspension. This appeal for $20,000 is addressed as a personal communication to every reader of the NEW MASSES who wishes it to continue. We cannot guarantee many more issues unless aid is forthcoming immediately.

Send funds today, by wire, air mail, messenger, or mail. The address is 31 East 27th Street, New York. Two hundred contributions of $100 each will save the magazine. We are sure that we have friends who can afford many times $100. We are sure that hundreds of our readers can afford $50. We are sure that thousands can afford ten-, five-, and one-dollar contributions.

THE EDITORS.

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Hugo Gellert

MAO TSE-TUNG

Leading Spokesman of the Chinese Communist Party and Chairman of the Former Chinese Soviet Government

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The Strategy of the Eighth Route Army

An Interview with Mao Tse-tung by James Bertram

YENANFU, NORTH SHENSI.

JAMES BERTRAM. *Since the war began, considerable interest has been taken in the former Red Armies, now reorganized as the Eighth Route Army. Can you tell me something about the Eighth Route Army, its present situation, strategy, political work, etc.?*

MAO TSE-TUNG. Since the Red Army was reorganized into the Eighth Route Army and left for the front, many people have been eager to know what it is doing. I will tell you something about the general position.

Strategically, the Eighth Route Army is fighting with Shansi as its center. As you know, we have already scored a number of successes against the Japanese. There were the battles at Pinghsinkwan. We reoccupied Tsingpin, Pinglu, and Ningwu. We captured Leiyuan and Kwanglin, and occupied Tsechingkwan. We cut the Japanese communications on three main lines—between Tatung and Yenmenkwan, between Weihsien and Pinghsinkwan, and between Shihsien and Ningwu. We attacked the Japanese rear south of Yenmenkwan, and twice in succession recaptured Pinghsinkwan and Yenmenkwan. More recently, we may list the capture of Chihyang and Tanghsien in Hopei, and a number of other engagements.

Thus the Japanese troops which invaded Shansi are strategically surrounded on all four sides by the Eighth Route Army and other Chinese forces. It is clear that the Japanese armies in North China must henceforth meet with much stronger resistance.

On the question of strategy and tactics, we may say in general that the Eighth Route Army undertakes actions that cannot be carried out by any other Chinese troops. We fight on the flanks and in the rear of the enemy. Such a style of fighting is altogether different from that of a simple, frontal defense. We do not question the need for the use of one part of a defending force in such direct frontal fighting; of course this is necessary. But our main forces are used on the enemy's wings, carrying out flanking and encircling movements, attacking the enemy independently and on our own initiative.

Only by such tactics can we preserve our own forces and destroy those of the enemy in detached units. Moreover, forces operating at the rear of the enemy are especially dangerous, because they can destroy enemy bases and lines of communication. Even those armies which meet the enemy in direct frontal warfare should not adopt a strategy of simple defense, but should make the fullest possible use of counter-attack.

One of the chief reasons for the reverses suffered by Chinese troops in recent months has been the use of mistaken strategy and tactics. The style of fighting followed by the Eighth Route Army may be defined as "mobile guerrilla warfare of independent initiative." Fundamentally, it is similar to our method of fighting in the past civil wars, though there are also a number of differences.

On the general military situation at this stage of the war, we may make one observation. The situation is *less favorable* than it was for the heavy concentration and centralization of Chinese forces; and *more favorable* for the division of our forces into mobile units. This is necessary, because now that the war covers so wide a territory, we must make as many sudden attacks as possible on the flank and rear of the extended enemy. The total number of men in all the Chinese armies is very great. Except for the use of one part of these troops to defend the main fronts, and the scattering of another part of them for guerrilla warfare, the main body should regularly be employed in attacks on the enemy's flanks.

The first principle in any war is to preserve your own forces, and liquidate the forces of the enemy. To achieve this end at the present time, we should make use of a mobile warfare of independent initiative, combined with partisan tactics. Every kind of immobile, passive, mechanical fighting should be abandoned. If a sufficient number of the Chinese armies wage such a war, and the Eighth Route Army helps them with guerrilla fighting, then victory may be in our hands.

The Eighth Route Army has one very important and significant feature—its political work.

There are three fundamental principles underlying the political work of the Eighth Route Army.

First, *unity of the officers and soldiers.* This implies the liquidation of any remaining traces of feudalism, the abolition of the old "flogging and cursing system," the establishment of conscious discipline, and the realization of a manner of life in the army whereby all share together both bitter and sweet. In this way, our army has achieved a unique degree of solidarity.

Second, *unity of the army and the people.* This is an unfailing principle with our army. We must keep the closest possible relation with the common people, and never in any way violate their interests. [In one speech at the Military Academy at Yenan, I heard Mao make this point even more vividly: "You must never take so much as one piece of potato from the peasants," he said to the assembled soldiers, "for if you take one piece, you cannot help taking more."—J. B.] Then the people will support us, work with us, take messages, keep military secrets. Coöperation with the people is an important factor in our military success.

Moreover, we must carry on propaganda work, organize and arm the people; we must lighten the economic burden of the masses, and suppress severely those traitors who are endangering the armies and the people. Thus the army and the people can work together; and everywhere our army is welcomed by the people as their friend.

The Eighth Route Army gets new recruits, not by compulsory draft, but by agitation among and political organization of the people. This method is much more effective.

Third, *propaganda among the enemy armies, and special treatment of prisoners of war.* In this work, victory does not depend entirely upon the fighting quality of our armies; it depends also on the deterioration of the armies of the enemy. Though this effect is perhaps not yet significant, in the future it will assume ever greater proportions. The Japanese, we may note, are always especially apprehensive about the Eighth Route Army. Recently the Japanese North China command issued a manifesto, in which the Eighth Route Army was designated a "menace to the imperial armies." The Japanese claimed that we want to "bolshevize" North China, to unite with Outer Mongolia and the Soviet Union, even to "bolshevize" Japan itself. Hence, they said, special measures would be taken to combat the Eighth Route Army, including the use of heavy artillery, airplanes, and poison gas. All this was necessary to combat the "terrible Eighth Route Army."

But we are not afraid of the threats of the Japanese army command. Though Hopei, Chahar, Suiyuan, and part of Shansi have already been lost, we do not despair. We resolutely rally our army for the defense of Shansi and the regaining of lost territories. The Eighth Route Army will act unitedly with the other Chinese armies, and resolutely maintain the resistance in Shansi. This factor is very important for the whole war, especially the war in North China.

Q. *Can the style and strategy of the Eighth Route Army be adopted by other Chinese armies?*

A. Though the Eighth Route Army has the special features outlined above, which make it particularly dangerous for the Japanese, still it cannot play the decisive role in the anti-Japanese war. Numerically, it is limited; and at present the Kuomintang armies are still playing the decisive role in the Chinese resistance. But there is no reason why the good points of the Eighth Route Army should not be adopted by the other Chinese group armies. The Kuomintang troops originally had a spirit similar to that of the present Eighth Route Army. That was in 1925-27. At that time, the Communist Party helped the Kuomintang organize the national armies on a new scale. In the be-

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ginning, only two regiments were reorganized. But soon many other troops were united around these two regiments, and gained their first victories over Chen Chung-ming.

Later this force was enlarged into an army, and still more troops came under its influence. The northern expedition followed, and at that time there was a new spirit in the troops. A close relationship was established between officers and soldiers, the troops and the people, and the army was filled with a courageous revolutionary spirit. Party representatives and political departments were established among the troops—a system which had never before been realized in the history of the Chinese armies. The Red Army after 1927, and the present Eighth Route Army, have continued this system, and developed it considerably.

In the period of the Great Revolution the war tactics and strategy of the new troops matched their political spirit. This was not a passive and mechanical strategy, but positive, active, and offensive. Because of this, victories were gained in the northern expedition.

The present anti-Japanese war needs a similar kind of army. It is not necessary to have several million troops such as these; a few hundred thousand could guarantee success against Japanese imperialism.

We have the greatest admiration for the heroism and sacrifice of the Chinese armies since the present war began; but we must learn our lesson from the sanguinary fighting that has already occurred. Especially do we expect the Central Armies, with their heroic war record and glorious history, to now assume a leading role in the reformation of the other troops. The reorganization and reformation of the militia and government forces in Spain can be our example here.

Q. *What is the policy of the Eighth Route Army toward prisoners of war, and how does it differ from the policy of other Chinese armies?*

A. Our policy toward prisoners of war is essentially the same as the one we followed in the Red Armies during the last ten years of fighting. Prisoners are disarmed, but are not insulted or ill-treated in any way. We explain to them the common interests of the peoples of China and Japan, and then release them.

Of course, we make a certain distinction between soldiers and officers, and between officers of lower and higher rank. Common soldiers, those from the oppressed classes, and especially those Mongols and Tungpei (northeastern) peoples who are compelled by Japanese imperialists to fight against us, we greet as friends and comrades. Any who, with us, oppose Japanese imperialism are welcome into our ranks; those who do not want to stay with us are released and permitted to return to their armies. Officers are treated in the same way, but those higher officers who have directed the war against us and helped to form the present policy of Japanese militarism, we keep with us in China for a while, so that they may have time to understand and appreciate their errors. Then, if they recognize their own mistakes, we release them, too.

Q. *But in view of the discipline and traditions of the Japanese army, is this policy likely to achieve any results? Released prisoners will be killed by their commanders if they return to their regiments, and the Japanese army as a whole will not understand the purpose of your policy.*

A. The more released prisoners the Japanese kill, the more the sympathy of the Japanese soldiers toward the Chinese troops is roused. The mass of the rank and file cannot be deceived like this. We have already followed our announced policy with those prisoners captured in the recent fighting in Shansi, and we will continue with it.

The Japanese army command has declared openly that they will use poison gas against the Eighth Route Army. Even if they do so, we shall not change our policy toward prisoners of war. We have already proposed to the Kuomintang that a similar policy be followed by other Chinese armies. It is one way of making clear the real enemy that we are fighting—Japanese imperialism, and not the Japanese people.

We have no quarrel with the Japanese people, with members of the oppressed colonial peoples, even though they are sent to fight against us. These people are our friends; and those who do not wish to return to their troops can always join for service with the Eighth Route Army. If in the future an international column should appear on the field of the anti-Japanese war, they can join this column, taking up arms to fight against Japanese imperialism.

Q. *Have you any preparation for defense against gas attack?*

A. Because of material difficulties, at present we are unprepared against gas. But we are asking for help in this direction from Generalissimo Chiang. Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh has already prepared a declaration in reply to the open statement made by the Japanese headquarters in North China of the Japanese intention of using gas against us. Commander Chu will point out that this cruel action of the Japanese fascists will only hasten their own destruction.

Q. *While the war continues unabated, the Japanese have recently put out in Shanghai some talk of peace and settlement. What is the real purpose of all this?*

A. After they have achieved a certain part of their program, the Japanese imperialists will once more make use of this "peace" camouflage. There are three main ideas behind it. First, it helps them to consolidate the position they have already gained, so that it can be used as the base and strategical starting point for a second attack. Second, they hope to split the Chinese anti-Japanese front. And third, they hope to disrupt the world front for the support of China against Japanese aggression that has been slowly forming.

The present peace talk is only the beginning of this camouflage. The real danger is that certain wavering elements in China are already prepared to walk into Japan's trap; and traitors are acting as go-betweens, spreading all kinds of rumors in the hope of subjugating China to the Japanese robbers.

Q. *But do you think there is a serious danger of Chinese capitulation?*

A. There are the two possibilities—either we shall overcome the capitulationist, and the danger will disappear, or else the capitulationist may gain power and create a state of chaos in China, splitting the anti-Japanese front.

The great majority of the Chinese people want to fight to the end. If part of the upper strata of society takes the road of capitulation, then all the resolute elements in the country will oppose them strenuously, and continue the war of resistance together with the mass of the people. A split of this sort would be most unfortunate for the united front. But I think that the capitulationists will not be able to gain a following, and that they must finally be overcome by the force of the masses. The war of resistance will be insisted on, and the struggle for final victory.

It would seem that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has already noticed this point. In his interview of October 9, replying to President Roosevelt's declaration, he insisted on a policy of continuing the war to the end. "Even if only one man and one rifle remain," he said, "we will continue the war." The Communist Party decisively supports this policy of the generalissimo, and will oppose to the last all wavering and capitulationist elements. The slogan of the Communist Party is "To shed the last drop of blood in support of the fatherland!" The spirit of Generalissimo Chiang's interview is quite in accord with our slogan.

Q. *How do you hope to overcome the "capitulationists?"*

A. We must organize public opinion, and point out the real danger of capitulationism. In action, we must organize the masses of the people to check the capitulationist movement. Capitulationism has its origin in national defeatism, or national pessimism, which is the view that after defeat in the war, China will have no force left with which to fight Japan. But "success is born of failure." The profound lessons gained from defeat will be the foundation of the victory of the future. The pessimists have seen only the defeats in the war so far, not such successes as have been gained. Above all, the pessimists do not see the elements of victory contained in the defeats, and the elements of defeat contained in the victories of the enemy.

We must point out to the masses of the people the victorious future of the war, and make it clear that defeats and difficulties are only temporary. If only we continue the struggle without relaxing our efforts, the final victory will be ours. And when capitulationism is deprived of its mass foundation, there will be no opportunity for its advocates to play their trick of subjugation; and the anti-Japanese front will be consolidated and strengthened.

October 25, 1937.

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Steel Towns That Labor Runs

By Bruce Minton

PITTSBURGH.

GEORGE ISOSKY fell from a scaffold and broke his back at the Aliquippa plant of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. For twenty-two months he lay in the hospital, looking at the blank walls and thinking of his wife and seven children, wondering how they would eat in the long years ahead. Then one morning a representative of the corporation called on him and offered George Isosky a job for the rest of his life if he would sign a waiver absolving the corporation of any liability.

George knew that damage suits were expensive and risky; he figured that he could protect his wife and children more fully by assuring himself of employment. He signed the waiver. Months afterwards, when he applied for work, Jones & Laughlin put him right back on the payroll. But before the week was up, they discharged him without explanation. George Isosky tried every means he could think of to get his job back, but the man who did the hiring just shook his head.

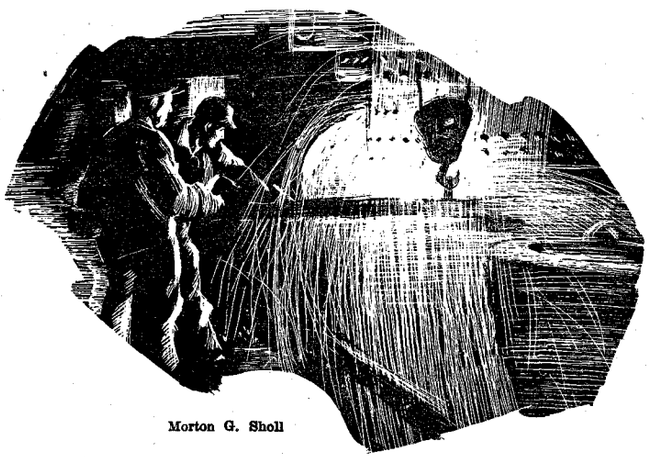
In 1933, union organizers sneaked into Aliquippa under cover of night, held secret meetings, planned to build a union. George Isosky attended several of these sessions. He listened closely to the speakers, and one evening, after the others who had risked their jobs and even their lives to come had one by one slipped out the back door, George asked the organizer to take him on as an assistant. He was accepted.

Two days later, toward nine in the evening as Isosky hurried through the deserted Aliquippa streets, he heard his name called and recognized a member of the company's coal-and-iron police. "How about a drink, George?" the cop asked. "Where you been keeping yourself, haven't seen you for a helluva long time." They went into a bar. George had a beer. They talked about nothing in particular, then George pushed back his chair, thanked his host, walked out of the bar and into the arms of Aliquippa's chief of police. "Hello there," exclaimed the chief. "You're drunk. Better come along with me."

The next day—Sunday—Isosky was examined for insanity by the company doctor, the company nurse, and the company real-estate agent, who recommended that he be committed to an asylum. By noon, Isosky was on his way to the state institution.

The union appealed to Governor Pinchot, who appointed a board of specialists to examine Isosky. The board declared him sane. Over the protests of the company, he was released.

IN THOSE DAYS Aliquippa was a company town, which meant that the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp. owned everyone in the community. In the eyes of the company, anyone who lived in Aliquippa did so for the sole purpose of serving the corporation and its huge mills along the banks of the Ohio. So that nothing would interfere with this purpose, the company banned the Democratic Party, forbade men to assemble, paid workers script instead of cash, and ordered them to buy what they needed at the company store. The company police questioned any newcomer concerning the object of his visit to Aliquippa, and if the answer was vague or unsatisfactory, they put the stranger on the next bus leaving town. The company wanted no trouble, that was all; it took every precaution to protect the men and women of Aliquippa from unnecessary distraction that might impede their work in the mills—when the company gave them work. The corporation merely asked



Morton G. Sholl

every worker to live quietly and modestly, to get married, raise children, and die in accordance with company rules.

Conditions were not much worse in Aliquippa than in the other drab, unkempt towns of flimsy wooden shacks that flanked the steel mills and the glass and aluminum plants, or that huddled near the mouths of the coal mines. The workers of Ambridge, Clairton, Homestead, New Kensington, or any of the ugly, tragic towns and cities in the Pittsburgh area, knew only long hours and low pay and constant terror.

The C.I.O. changed all that. Today Aliquippa is administered by a progressive burgess (similar to a mayor), and three members of the council are union men. Labor's choice for burgess holds office in Ambridge. The mayors of Clairton and Duquesne are C.I.O. organizers. Twenty-one boroughs elected at least one—and in the majority of cases several—progressive candidates last November. On January 3, thirteen members of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee or of some other C.I.O. union were sworn into office as mayors or burgesses, and forty-two labor men took over their new duties on city councils or as school directors, auditors, and the like.

Once the C.I.O. organizational drive got under way, once the new unions won higher wages and better working conditions, workers realized that they had forged a political as well as an economic weapon. With it, they could rid their towns of corrupt corporation-owned administrations. They could even reintroduce the Bill of Rights into western Pennsylvania.

The Democratic Party, hungry for power after lean decades of defeat, gladly supported labor candidates. It had been a long time since the Democrats had had such a splendid chance to get back into the running—but they needed labor's votes. In consequence, wherever labor chose candidates, the Democrats threw over them the cloak of their party—the party, they stressed, of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Yet despite the label, progressives almost without exception campaigned as independents rather than as Democrats, pledging support to the C.I.O. in its drive to bring more workers into the unions and to win greater concessions from the industrialists, and further pledging themselves to use their office for the benefit of the majority and not for the benefit of the corporations alone. Few of the candidates were professional politicians. But once elected, they knew why labor had endorsed them, and they took their tasks seriously. "We are here solely for the purpose of helping all the people of our city," declared an incoming councilman at Clairton. A young mayor promised his audience, "I will assure you that the little fellow is going to get more consideration than he did in the past." A third said, "We are here to administer your affairs, and we stand ready to hear your complaints and suggestions."

The new local governments got under way. In Duquesne, Mayor Elmer J. Maloy, steel organizer who less than two years before had led the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp.'s company unions into the C.I.O., shortened the work week of municipal employees to forty hours, demoted the anti-labor police chief, reorganized the Civil Service Board. Mayor John J. Mullen of Clairton likewise shortened the work week of municipal employees to forty hours. The Port Vue City Council met seven times in fourteen days, instead of once

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every seven, to work out a budget that would benefit the city. School director A. F. Daughenbaugh of New Kensington, C.I.O. aluminum worker, reported that the city needed new schools and that he would at once begin to repair the present buildings. Teachers commented that the new director was the first city official in their memory to visit classes and inspect schools. Each community where progressives held office throbbed with activity, with plans to make local government serve the people.

Not all labor's candidates were elected. In McKeesport, for example, the politicians nosed out the progressives. But the defeat was instructive. The candidates, all union men, had directed their campaign exclusively toward the labor vote. By neglecting to approach the middle classes and the professionals, they had isolated themselves. On the other hand, wherever labor candidates received a majority, the ticket had included representatives of the middle classes and often of the A. F. of L. In Jeannette, for instance, where steel, glass, and rubber plants are located, the Central Labor Union organized a political commission which at first was tempted to nominate only labor candidates. On consideration, however, they placed a small businessman on the ticket —and succeeded in electing their choice for mayor. In Duquesne, the labor campaigners took particular care to explain their aims to small merchants and other shopowners—their candidate for mayor won. The successful labor ticket of New Kensington (largest aluminum plant in the world) included a small businessman. In Ambridge, labor elected a small contractor as burgess; in Aliquippa, a druggist.

The results proved that labor dared not isolate itself from the middle classes, that labor had continually to broaden its political base. Throughout the campaign, the Communist Party warned the unions not to make their platform so narrow as to cut themselves off from natural allies. Where the advice was neglected, the progressives were turned back. Where it was heeded, labor advanced.

The election of city and town officials was an important first step toward the development of labor's political independence. Though the candidates often campaigned as independents, nevertheless the political group most strengthened by the elections was the Democratic Party. The failure to increase the prestige of Labor's Non-Partisan League and to popularize it prevented the emergence in the Pittsburgh region of a real people's-front ticket or of a real people's-front platform.

Undoubtedly the weakness of the League before the campaign handicapped the labor movement. But the real explanation of why the League was sidetracked rested in the loyalty that several C.I.O. leaders heading the League felt toward the Democratic Party. The older men hesitated to break political ties built up over many years.

And so labor emerged from the election victorious, but lacking an organization with which to enter future struggles. The allegiance of many voters sympathetic to labor had been handed over to the Democrats, and neglect of the League had weakened the unions' control of the candidates it had endorsed. In addition, the inability of the labor movement to point to a solid bloc of votes cast in the name of Labor's Non-Partisan League detracted from the effectiveness of any action labor entered into independently of the old-time political machine.

THE C.I.O., however, had succeeded in awakening the latent political consciousness of the workers. "We've had a regular revolution round here," a steel worker explained to me. "Why, just a little over a year ago we couldn't be sitting in a union hall like this—no sir, you had only to say the word 'union' to land in jail. I guess it was sort of like signing the Declaration of Independence about two hundred years after the rest of the country. But now that we've won freedom, we're hanging on to it, and to the union that brought it, you can bet. No one's going to take it from us."

To hang on to the unions implies preserving them during the bitter days of unemployment and in the face of the disastrous job curtailment that mechanization and technological advances have already caused. A dozen or more legislative conferences have been planned for the next fortnight to work out a program that will help preserve the unions and, furthermore, extend them. The first of these conferences met at Tarentum, about forty miles northwest of Pittsburgh, on January 9, and was sponsored by the unions of Kiski and Allegheny Valleys (Allegheny Valley produces 80 percent of the nation's steel). Its decisions will serve as a model for succeeding meetings.

Three hundred delegates from more than fourteen C.I.O. and A. F. of L. unions crowded into the basement of American Legion headquarters. They represented 55,750 organized workers, for the most part in the basic industries of steel, glass, aluminum, and coal, though the electrical and radio employees, the distillers, the barbers, and several white-collar unions also participated. Few of the delegates knew much about speech-making, and they expressed themselves with awkward hesitation and hard-thinking inarticulateness. They sat tensely, crowded together in the long narrow hall, Poles and Italians, Negroes and Americans. "Too long has labor been quiet," John Haser, aluminum worker, emphasized. "On the political front we have been backward."

The delegates passed many resolutions, almost thirty in all. Unemployment was their main concern. To help end it, they resolved that "A low-cost housing program will . . . stimulate all basic industries such as steel, electrical manufacturing, cement, brick, and others which are now depressed . . ." and provide "the greatest unfilled need today . . . of shelter for the people who can least afford to pay for it." They demanded that the federal government appropriate five billion dollars for housing, and they urged each local to set up a committee to push this program. Besides, they agreed, the huge appropriations for armaments could better "be applied to the socially constructive purposes of relief, housing, slum clearance, and education."

After approving President Roosevelt's message to the opening session of Congress and his program "that would help preserve democracy in America," the delegates called upon Governor Earle of Pennsylvania to summon a special session of the state legislature for the purpose of appropriating adequate relief funds. They endorsed the Wagner Act, the LaFollette civil liberties investigation, the Scottsboro and Mooney-Billings defense actions. They protested anti-labor legislation aimed at the maritime workers, denounced Mayor Hague's dictatorship of violence, and urged the boycott of Japanese goods. They called for passage of the anti-lynching bill, and for prohibition on purchases of munitions by corporations. They demanded immediate passage of the wages and hours bill, labor representation on public assistance boards, extension of the social security system. They urged unity between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. Most important of all, they enthusiastically endorsed a call—and instructed all locals to send delegates—to a political conference of the 31st Congressional District, where the unions of western Pennsylvania will select candidates for the 1938 elections and will draw up a platform under the banner of Labor's Non-Partisan League.

The meeting at Tarentum lasted four hours. It ended with plans for another conference to carry on the work so well started. "You see," a glass worker thought it important to tell the reporters, "when you fellows write this up, what you got to make clear is that labor has a solid machine now, and we came here to get it out of second gear and put it into high."

Labor's machine has not yet shifted into high. It is still puffing up the steep, rough grade; many steeper stretches still lie ahead. But industrial unionism has finally broken through the barrier of Gompers's "pure and simple" unionism so carefully guarded in the past by the A. F. of L. executive council, the barrier that fenced off the road to independent political action.

Much remains to be done. But already the C.I.O. has changed America, and has made life for masses of workers more meaningful, more secure, more hopeful. Perhaps the resolution drawn up by a Negro member of the S.W.O.C. and passed unanimously by the Tarentum conference most fully expresses what the C.I.O. represents to the working class. The resolution read:

> We salute you, C.I.O., in bringing cheer to our firesides, hope to our families, possibilities to our children, freedom to us as workers, and although you are an infant as to age, you are a Samson for strength, and the battle cry of the captives whom you have delivered shall ever be
>
> THE C.I.O. FOREVER

(Bruce Minton's next article will deal with the rubber workers of Akron.)

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Twilight of Hearst

By Joseph Starobin

THE Hearst newspaper empire is cracking—but William Randolph Hearst does not intend to go down with it. Hearst newspapers show catastrophic losses, the sixty thousand or so subscribers to Hearst stock are left holding an empty bag, but Hearst himself is raking in as much cold cash as ever. In the very twilight of his publishing career, when everything in print that is labeled Hearst is the "untouchable" of the publishing business, Hearst is and has been for some years engaged in a desperate and complicated series of financial maneuvers to ward off disaster—to his own pocketbook. He has succeeded thus far in unloading his losses on his employees and the investing public that trusted him. But now the whole structure of financial jugglery by which the Hearst empire maintains even a semblance of unity has been challenged.

For seven years Hearst has been grouping his tottering newspaper properties into the Hearst Consolidated Publications. This holding company, financed by the public sale of fifty million dollars' worth of 7 percent preferred stock, controls some of Hearst's best known and most important enterprises. It paid him a salary of $1370 per day at least through 1936, now faces complete collapse.

On December 30, 1937, the stockholders of Hearst Consolidated filed a suit for receivership in the United States District Court, Southern District, to place the blame and the losses where they belong—on Hearst. The suit brings to date the story of the man whom Charles A. Beard declined to touch with a ten-foot pole.

IN JUNE, 1930, William Randolph Hearst sold eleven of his newspaper and magazine properties to an organization newly incorporated in the state of Delaware as the Hearst Consolidated Publications.

After a preliminary newspaper crusade against stock swindlers and wildcat security promoters, Mr. Hearst directed his new holding company to issue stock to the public, impressively entitled: Class A, 7 percent cumulative, participating, preferred . . . authorized to the sum of $100,000,000.

Every instrument in the Hearst orchestra was synchronized into the sales campaign. Mr. Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, finance adviser in the New York *American,* blared on July 7, 1930: "it is a step toward the mutualization of the great newspaper properties hitherto owned solely by William Randolph Hearst. . . . To those who want my hard-boiled investment opinion of the issue, I can say that when I was tentatively asked whether as an employee I would be interested in subscribing, I replied that I would take the maximum amount offered to me. . . ."

Ad Reinhardt

On August 1 of the same year, Professor Lewis Haney of the New York University Bureau of Business Research trumpeted in the New York *Journal:* "After careful study of the new stock I am glad to say that I consider it a desirable investment. . . . Brought out at $25 par. . . . I do not see why it should not sell above 30, perhaps up to 35. . . . Note too, that it is being offered to Hearst employees. A company does not sell stock to its employees unless it is very good. . . ."

Glowing circulars depicted the happy family enjoying the fruits of wise investment in the radiance of the domestic hearth. Security in old age was emphasized, with stress on the high returns from Hearst preferred compared with low interest rates on savings accounts. Mr. Hearst scrawled his reassuring signature to an expansive prospectus beneath a noble photo of himself. In stentorian headlines, the Hearst press proclaimed:

NEW ERA INAUGURATED BY HEARST FINANCING. WORLD'S LARGEST PUBLISHER INVITES PUBLIC AND HIS EMPLOYEES TO SHARE PROFITS OF NATIONWIDE NEWSPAPER CHAIN.

In somewhat less than six years, a high pressure door to door campaign persuaded over sixty thousand people to buy about fifty million dollars' worth of preferred stock.

The charter of the Hearst Consolidated Publications authorized the issue of two kinds of stock: (1) preferred, for public sale; (2) common, to the extent of twenty million dollars, owned by the Hearst Corp., a private concern. Only the common stock received voting rights. The directors were appointed by the "chief" himself, among whom are several Hearst scions. Moreover, Hearst decided his own salary, happily hitting on the round figure of $500,000 per year, which he drew through 1936.

The book value of the properties assembled under the new company was described to the public as roughly $123,000,000, a handsome figure. The public was not informed, however, that these properties were subject to a prior indebtedness in mortgages, bond issues, and bank loans to the sum of $38,677,000. This amount should be deducted from the value of the holding company and requires prior liquidation before the preferred stock claim.

Moreover, Mr. Hearst accounted $75,186,509 as intangible assets in 1930 based upon the worth of "reference libraries, Associated Press franchises, and circulation." When broken down, this figure means: giving each press franchise for the twenty-six Hearst newspapers owned at the time the value of one million dollars apiece, and throwing in a few million as the worth of the "reference libraries" (morgues), there remains an item of forty-five million dollars as "goodwill." This means that the value of the authorized stock issue was three times the actual assets of the company, and secondly, that the entire authorization depended substantially on Hearst's own estimate of his standing with the public.

The October 1935 issue of *Fortune* carried an article analyzing the Hearst financial structure, the proofs of which were okayed by the "chief" himself. *Fortune* could not ignore this tremendous "watering" of the company's assets and remarked apologetically: "Yet circulation is the basis of a magazine's business, and a publisher has perhaps a better right to a goodwill item than any other capitalist. . . ." Now, the F. W. Woolworth Co., whose customers are certainly the basis of its business, carries a goodwill item of one dollar on its

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books. In fact, every respectable business concern hesitates to overvalue the goodwill of its enterprise when selling stock to the public.

Hearst not only inflated this estimate of public favor in 1930, but by December 31, 1936 this item had *increased* on the company's balance sheet to some $83,873,958. Obviously, history has registered a boycott upon Hearst in the last few years. If anything, there is accumulated illwill against him, which in decent business practice would have compelled a devaluation of this item. But there is another factor involved in such devaluation. It is customary to "dry out" some of the intangible assets if the financial structure of a company is weak, if its income is declining. During the past six years, Hearst Consolidated Publications has been *losing* money. In 1929, the net income of the companies later assembled in the holding company was $12,854,000. Following are net income returns for succeeding years:

1931	$7,487,875
1932	7,132,908*
1933	6,855,347
1934	6,061,794
1935	6,058,342
1936	6,197,664
Total Net Income	$39,793,930

*In 1932 Hearst cut his editorial payroll by $7,000,000.

It is pertinent to compare these figures with the dividend disbursements during the same period in both preferred and common stock:

	Class A (*held by public*)	Common (*held by Hearst*)
1931	$ 851,124	$2,625,000
1932	1,364,565	3,500,000
1933	1,936,966	
1934	2,447,623	2,625,000
1935	3,000,860	3,500,000
1936	3,298,316	1,640,006
Total	$12,899,454	$13,890,006

These figures reveal that despite the fact that he skipped a year, Hearst took more in dividends than all the owners of preferred stock put together. In the first two years, before most of the stock had been sold, Hearst was in such a hurry that he took the lion's share of the profits. If the reader will add both dividend figures for 1935 and compare the sum with the table of net income, it will be seen that Mr. Hearst disbursed more money than the corporation earned—an utterly irresponsible business procedure.

Furthermore, despite assurances to the prospective investor, no effort has ever been made to obtain listing in the stock exchanges for the 7 percent preferred, which makes it valueless to the owner as collateral for bank loans. Remember that Professor Haney predicted a rise in value of the stocks, as indeed most industrial shares showed, in the general inflationary movement as Roosevelt came to office, but what actually did happen to the shares of Hearst preferred? In 1932, they sold from 11½ to 23; in 1933 from 15¾ to 21; in 1934 from 18½ to 22¾; in 1935 from 21½ to 24½; in 1936 from 21 to 27⅞. Almost always way below the par of $25. Nevertheless, all during these years, Hearst has been peddling his stock at a par of $25, and finding buyers: simply profiting from the ignorance of the investor.

Joseph Serrano

"I'm like the House of Morgan—I never gamble."

Meanwhile, how were the internal affairs of the Hearst Consolidated Publications coming along?

The stockholders' suit reveals that in March 1932 a subsidiary called the Golden Gate Finance Co. was organized in San Francisco. This company issued loans to Hearst employees, an increasingly lucrative affair. Whereupon Hearst caused the sale of this money-making subsidiary to an outside organization, the Hearst Corp., *i.e.,* Hearst himself, at a nominal figure. On the other hand, in December 1935, Hearst caused the purchase of the Light Publishing Co., printing the Hearst papers: the San Antonio *Light,* the Baltimore *News Post and Sunday American,* and the Atlanta *Georgian and Sunday American* for $8,279,595, of which six million again represented goodwill. Hearst was using stockholders' money to buy in one of his personal enterprises. Was this a good buy? Did he want to share a good thing with his public? Not at all. The Light Publishing Co. was on the verge of collapse. In 1934 it had lost $550,000, and its circulation was declining steadily.

An example of similar underhand tactics concerns the *American Weekly,* the Sunday feature magazine which Hearst syndicates to all of his papers, and which he has recently begun to sell to outsiders in order to pick up a dollar wherever possible. The *American Weekly* is a moneymaker. Its income increased from $485,707 in 1927 to $2,999,292 in 1936. It is also owned by the Hearst Consolidated Publications. Does Hearst allow these profits to swell the balances of the holding company in which the public has invested cash? Hardly. By a special inside arrangement, without the ratification or prior knowledge of the stockholders, the *American Weekly* donates a large share of its earnings to an outside party, to the Hearst Corp., *i.e.,* to the Old Man himself. In 1934, Hearst took $1,531,161 by this trick; in 1935—$1,542,287; in 1936—$1,777,743.

A similar sleight of hand was engaged in by several private accounting firms, owned by Hearst, which charge the Hearst Consolidated Publications for regular accounting, routine tax statements, etc. In 1935-36 the bill for such services reached $2,190,786. For similarly miscellaneous services other companies owned by Hearst charged the holding company some $3,600,000. For both of these items, no detailed statement has ever been given the stockholders. And from still another angle, there is room for question marks. At various times there have appeared on the books of the Hearst Consolidated debts from individuals and private Hearst concerns ranging from three to eight million dollars. By December 1935, according to the stockholders' complaint, six million dollars was due to the company, which the directors made no effort to collect —a sum of personal and inter-company obligations in which they are unquestionably heavily involved. In his book, *Imperial Hearst,* Ferdinand Lundberg makes a very technical analysis of the balance sheets of the parent company and its subsidiaries. Lundberg concludes

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that there is a sum of nineteen million dollars unaccounted for over a period of five years. The inference is as broad as Mae West that Hearst himself has pocketed this sum.

Bearing in mind this nineteen million dollars, the reader will recall that the Hearst Consolidated was formed from companies of which Hearst was the original sole owner. Where did the money for the purchase come from? From the sale of preferred stock, of course. How much of this stock has been sold? Some fifty million dollars worth. Which means that in this little adventure Hearst has to answer for sixty-nine million dollars, taken from stockholders' money, at the expense of the integrity of the Hearst Consolidated Publications. All of which is above his salary of five hundred thousand dollars a year.

It is clear that Hearst has been grouping his "lemons" in the very organization made possible by popular investment. He has weakened its structure by watering its assets and depleting its working capital. He has left it with all kinds of bonded debts and prior obligations, simultaneously fleecing its profits through enormous dividends and general termite operations.

Stockholders are now requesting receivership, as well as a declaration voiding the common stock, and an injunction against further dividends upon this stock. Finally, they demand a nullification of all contracts disadvantageous to the company and a thorough ventilation and fumigation of the Hearst Consolidated Publications. Whether this action will be successful remains to be seen. [Already the Hearst lawyers, Milbank, Hope, Tweed & Webb of 15 Broad Street, New York City, have applied for an extension of time in which to answer charges.] Intimidation of the stockholders and attorneys is likely. Such things have happened before.

In March 1937, an affiliate and subsidiary of the Hearst Consolidated Publications applied with the Securities and Exchange Commission for the flotation of $35,500,000 worth of debentures. Widespread protest developed on this registration. The Labor Research Association, the American League for Peace and Democracy, Consumers' Union, Paul Kern, then Civil Service Commissioner for New York City, Bernard J. Reis, and other individuals and organizations filed exposures of the phony doings in the Hearst corporate structures. It was shown that at least $16,593,033 of this money was intended to relieve Hearst of certain inner difficulties, $650,000 was to pay off bank loans personally guaranteed by Hearst. Rather than risk an extended hearing, Hearst withdrew the registration.

The question emerges: what did Hearst do after the withdrawal of this application? He must have needed that money. What happened? Speculation by experts on this matter runs along the following lines. He might have chosen to press the sale of Hearst Consolidated preferred, since it is authorized to $100,000,000, or twice as much as sold so far. This means overcoming sales resistance. In view of the suit just filed, very few suckers will buy Hearst preferred. Moreover, 7 percent dividend payments on $100,000,000 would mean $7,000,000 a year (exclusive of common), which is more than his declining income will permit.

He must have gone to his banks for loans. This alternative exposes the fact that since the war Hearst has been increasingly associated with the National City Bank, thereby exploding the popular myth of his independence from the "international bankers." On the other hand, his indebtedness to the banks is already very large. The bankers will not sink more money into his publishing enterprises without substantial assurances of safety. This implies a purge of the Hearst corporations in which weak links will be discarded, properties consolidated, banking controls fastened very securely, with the stockholders taking the rap. Elements of this process have been apparent for some time.

John Francis Neylan, who sits among the directors of the National City Bank, is Hearst's man, at the same time supervising banking interests in the Hearst properties. Neylan is also a director of the Hearst Consolidated. Lee Olwell, the present publisher of the New York *Journal and American,* resigned a vice-presidency in National City in order to be close at hand in the management of the newspaper. In fact, retrenchment in the Hearst publications in the past few years has been dictated by a reciprocal operation of two factors: the need for the banks to safeguard their loans in tottering enterprises, and the impact of the general boycott against Hearst, and consequent revenue decline.

In the last two years, Hearst was forced to merge the New York *American* with the *Evening Journal.* He disposed of the Rochester *Journal and Sunday American.* His Omaha (Neb.) *Bee-News* folded soon after. Hearst was compelled to merge his Universal News Service with his International News Service. The two District of Columbia papers, the Washington *Herald* and Washington *Times* were leased to Mrs. Eleanor Patterson for five years. Hearst found it wise to change the name of his newsreel from Hearst's Metrotone News to the innocuous News of the Day. Miss Marion Davies is not scheduled to make any pictures for 1937-38 because William cannot spare a dime in such unpopular cinematic indulgence. Hearst is now selling his *American Weekly* to outside concerns. And there are persistent rumors that his Los Angeles *Examiner* and *Herald Express* will be merged, that his Chicago *Herald Examiner* and *Evening American* are very hard up. There is even talk about the shutdown of the New York *Journal and American.* Only a few days ago the company felt compelled to issue an announcement to the contrary on its bulletin boards. Six out of his twenty-six papers have gone the way of all flesh in the past few years. Advertising and circulation figures show a steady decline, and now comes the suit which exposes his financial difficulties.

Woodcut by A. Marcuiescu

To rub it in, the American Newspaper Guild is making persistent progress in cracking the Hearst open shop. The Guild reports that Hearst is under contract in the Los Angeles *Examiner,* the two Chicago papers, the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph,* and the Milwaukee *News.* Hearst is under agreement in the Boston *American,* the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer,* the San Francisco *Examiner,* as well as the *Call Bulletin* and the Oakland *Post-Enquirer.* The two newspapers leased in Washington, D. C., are under verbal agreements. There are bulletin board privileges with the San Antonio *Light,* the Detroit *Times,* the Baltimore *News-Post,* and the Albany and Rochester papers, just disposed. Finally, the Guild has unilateral understandings with the New York *Journal and American,* the New York *Mirror,* the International News Service, and the International News Photo.

None of this should be construed to mean that Hearst's fortune, apart from his publications, is in danger. His mining and ranching properties continue to make money. During the recovery period, the shares of his Homestake gold mines boomed from 75 to something over 500. These personal holdings are not subject to funded debts and mortgages. They labor under no fancy stock issues; no Hearst offspring infest their board of directors. Participation of the public in these ventures is forbidden.

But William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, is fighting for his existence. After a lifetime of effort in this, his favorite field, he has been forced to desperate expedients in order to maintain what is left of his chain of papers. The basic factor behind his decline has been the boycott by the reading public. It has been an effective, if not a total, boycott. The end of the Hearst newspaper empire is in sight, assuming that the boycott does not weaken.

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William Gropper

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ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, ALFRED O'MALLEY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY

★

The N.L.R.B Wins

THE guerrilla tactics which the big corporations have employed against the National Labor Relations Board for more than two years have received a serious setback in the Supreme Court's decision that federal courts may not enjoin the board from doing its work. The decision does not make the findings of the board binding without review, nor does it clothe the board with power to enforce its own findings. The board's findings and their enforcement are in the hands of the Circuit Court of Appeals. But the decision does free the board from the harassing attacks of employers fighting to prevent the facts of their labor relations from becoming known.

Led by the Liberty League, the big employers have from the first days of the N.L.R.B. never given up their struggle to conceal the truth about their fostering of company unions and their relentless animosity toward genuine labor unions. Since the truth was very close to the surface, and workers, when given an opportunity to tell of their conditions and their desire to organize, filled the record with a damning indictment of their employers' illegal anti-labor activities, the employers' attack was concentrated on attempts to bar the hearings themselves. The employers thus struck at the center of the N.L.R.B.'s authority, by seeking to make it impossible for the board to investigate and bring out the facts.

The Supreme Court's decision that the board has full power to investigate and hold hearings, free from judicial interference, is a notable victory for labor, organized and unorganized, and for the New Deal.

Save the Anti-Lynching Bill!

HAVE *you* wired Washington your indignation at the filibuster and all the devious related strategy whereby a vote of yes or no on the anti-lynching bill is being evaded? Have *you* put Washington on notice that you hold the filibusters and all who capitulate to them responsible for tying up the anti-lynching bill and all other progressive and labor legislation?

A quick wave of such protests will defeat the shameful performance now going on in the United States Senate. This wave began to roll up last weekend and promises to checkmate the current drive to lay aside the bill.

The filibusters are now seeking to put on the large majority claiming to support the bill the responsibility for holding up the Senate by fighting the filibuster! Therefore, we urge: (1) wire or have your organization wire Republican leader McNary that you hold the filibusters and all who capitulate to them responsible; (2) wire the same to Democratic leader Barkley; (3) call on the White House to speak out against the sabotaging of the anti-lynching bill, and wire your approval to staunch fighters against the filibuster like Senator Wagner.

It takes merely a majority—not two-thirds—to defeat a vote to lay aside the bill. That majority can be obtained if the Senate is made sufficiently aware that the bill's supporters outside of Washington know what is going on.

Democracy Salutes

"AS members of one democratically elected parliament to another, we salute you." The sixty representatives and senators who put their signatures beneath that sentence in their message to the Spanish Cortes are a genuine cross-section of Congress. This makes the document the more impressive. Nobody ever accused Austin (R.) of Vermont, Byrd (D.) of Virginia, Pepper (D.) of Florida, and a number of others of any particular brand of radicalism. What this message to Spain reflects is the actual sympathies of the American people. This sympathy is not limited to any special group holding well-defined political views. Its cuts across party affiliations and religious faiths and unites the American people around a common faith that no democracy anywhere is alien to their own.

On the very same day the congressional message was announced, Franco's Italian airmen from Majorca bombed Barcelona, perpetrating one of the most bestial mass-murders of the war. The bombing operations were aimed exclusively at the poorer sections of the city. Among the three hundred and fifty victims, children predominated. The bombing was a case of sheer fascist ferocity, which lacked even the pretext of possible military objectives.

Two other events of importance to democracy followed within two days of the congressional message. The Spanish government decided to postpone the scheduled meeting of the Cortes to invite no further bombardments. And on the same day, Franco set up a "permanent" regime in which no attempt is made to disguise the military-fascist character of insurgent rule. Also on that day, an insurgent (read: Italian) submarine was reported to have sunk a British steamer off the coast of Cartegena.

This sequence of events simply underscores the accuracy of the American legislators' instinct in addressing their salutation to the representatives of democracy in Spain.

Foes of Collective Security

WHO is opposed to collective security? In last week's *New Republic* the famous old liberal professor Charles A. Beard, himself an ardent isolationist, supplies the answer:

> Italian-Americans, German-Americans, Communists of the Trotsky direction, old-fashioned imperialistic isolationists, and Americans who imagine that it is possible to build a civilization in the United States and defend it.

A "curious array," comments the professor self-consciously. But the array would seem even more curious had the good professor, instead of using shame-faced circumlocutions, called things by their proper names: "Italian-Americans"—*fascists* (not all, but those Professor Beard has in mind); "German-Americans"—*fascists* (again, not all); "Communists of the Trotsky direction"—*agents, conscious and unconscious, of fascism;* "old-fashioned imperialistic isolationists"—*potential American fascists.* Translated thus, Dr. Beard's list of opponents to collective security in this country would read: Italian fascists, German fascists, Trotskyist agents of fascism, potential American fascists, and some good honest liberals like himself.

Isolationism Must Arm

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message to Congress urging vastly increased appropriations for both army and navy has made the fascist dictators nervous: witness the identical note of indignant surprise in both the Italian and German press comment. Nor, for that matter, is it calculated to make the American people feel any more secure. It is policy and not armament that constitutes the search for peace, and Mr. Roosevelt's message on January 28 said practically nothing on policy.

The inescapable fact is that increased armaments, in themselves, do not brighten the outlook for peace. Military strength being relative, a new warship here is swiftly matched by a new warship elsewhere. The inevitable end of this race is catastrophe. For a point is reached where the military machine, grown to monstrous proportions,

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gains a stranglehold over the economic life of the nation. Obsolescence threatens to make much of the machine useless unless used quickly. The strain of taxation may be borne in the early stages of the armament race; but let an economic crisis threaten, and the military Frankenstein monster is certain to rise and overwhelm its makers.

There would be no need for this tremendous rearmament if the United States would adopt a genuine peace policy. The military and economic strength of the democratic nations, pooled together, far overshadows the strength of the aggressor bloc. A policy of collective resistance to aggression is not merely an effective peace policy; it is the only peace policy which makes a bloated armament program unnecessary.

The isolationists are reaping a whirlwind of their own raising. Having thus far prevented the realization of a peace policy based on Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago speech of October 5, 1937, they have no possible alternative to offer against an arms program necessitated by their own position. Isolationism leads by an iron logic to militarism, for a nation which proposes to stand alone in a feverishly arming world must itself be driven into feverish rearmament. A nation which stands together with others on a practical platform of collective action for peace need not engage in this futile arms race. Its strength is as the strength of all peace-loving powers combined.

Model Legislators

THE growing realism of American peace sentiment was clearly reflected last weekend at the Model State Legislature of Youth, sponsored by the New York Council of the American Youth Congress. An overwhelming majority of the 1161 delegates, representing over six hundred youth groups and youth-serving organizations, enthusiastically supported President Roosevelt's Chicago speech suggesting a quarantine of aggressor nations. The delegates, who had been addressed by Mrs. Roosevelt at the opening session, rejected the Oxford oath and the Ludlow amendment. They urged a boycott of Japanese goods and the transfer of the 1940 Olympic games from Tokyo to London or Helsingfors. Despite the futile filibuster of a handful of Young Socialists, under strong Trotskyist influence, the broadly representative Model Legislature took a definite position against isolationism and for collective security.

The young legislators acted on a number of important "bills." These included measures for the creation of a youth division of the New York World's Fair; appointment of a state commission to develop increased educational, recreational, and job opportunities for youth; and establishment of a New York City university, combining the present city colleges and adding free medical, law, public service, and graduate schools. In a wire to Vice-President Garner, the group expressed its unanimous condemnation of the present filibuster in the Senate against the Wagner-Van Nuys anti-lynching bill. Other resolutions called for the passage by Congress of the American Youth Act, the child labor amendment, the wages and hours bill, and the expansion of the National Youth Administration. Another resolution urged the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. to unite to end discord in the ranks of labor. Those who attended the three-day session agreed that it furnished a model for Albany and Washington in speed, realism, and democracy.

Bargain-Counter Diplomacy

THE van Zeeland report is just one more of those pitiful pieces of theoretical flotsam that come to the surface every time some highly-touted expert sets out to rescue capitalist economy. This time, the very circumstances of the report make it suspect.

The governments of Great Britain and France commissioned M. van Zeeland, when he was still Belgian premier, to investigate "the possibility of obtaining a general reduction of quotas and other obstacles to international trade." M. van Zeeland, during his term of office, was an important and convenient go-between for the British and German foreign offices; his report was obviously intended to serve the same function, with stress upon the economic angles involved in that relationship. This report, for all its elaborate make-believe, is less an economic than a political document. As a political document, it is revealing. As an economic solution to capitalism's trade problem, it is worthless.

FACTS ABOUT THE U.S.S.R. — X
The Growth in the Number of Engineers and Technicians

During recent years a new technical intelligentsia, closely linked with the working class and the peasantry, has grown up in the land of the Soviets. As late as 1925 there were 62,000 engineers and technicians in industry. On the eve of the First Five-Year Plan, in 1928, this number grew to 92,000; at present the Soviet Union has 578,000 engineers and technicians.

The theory behind the report is transparently simple. Boiled down to its essence, M. van Zeeland makes two points.

First, a number of obstacles to international free trade have been erected by various countries, especially those committed to a policy of autarchy (though the fascist bloc is not mentioned by name, the meaning is plain). These obstacles are divided into the economic, such as tariffs and quotas, and the financial, such as currency dislocations. The report merely itemizes these obstacles without any attempt to explain what made them necessary. Any such basic examination would have involved an embarrassing little thing like capitalist decline.

Second, M. van Zeeland submits that these obstacles can be abandoned or reduced only by offering certain nations "advantages greater than those of the position in which they now find themselves." Nothing but the vaguest intimations of a practical program are given except that of an international conference by the representatives of France, Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and Italy. Obviously, the entire purpose of this conference would be to arrange a bargain whereby the first three powers give the last two "advantages greater than those of the position in which they now find themselves." M. van Zeeland's program is no mystery despite his silence. It was exceedingly well put by the well-informed London publication, the *Week*.

The ostensible purpose of such a conference would be to discuss the "removal of barriers to world trade"; in Berlin and Rome it is already decided that its central feature would be a perfectly straightforward blackmailing operation, wherein the military threat, the colonial threat, and the bankruptcy threat would all be brought into play for the purpose of extracting financial and economic assistance from the democratic powers. (The German translation of the English word blackmail has also been made available already: it is called "constructive conciliation.")

Green Outdoes Himself

WHEN a petty man hates, he can become more vicious than a cornered rat. For over a year the NEW MASSES has contended that William Green, soundbox of the A. F. of L. executive council, would rather wreck the American labor movement than see the C.I.O. expand. Green has given no clearer indication of this attitude than his recommendation to the executive council that the A. F. of L. withdraw from Labor's Non-Partisan League and in the future find means whereby "effective opposition may be marshalled against any such candidates," *i.e.*, candidates endorsed by the Non-Partisan League.

In this issue, an article describes what

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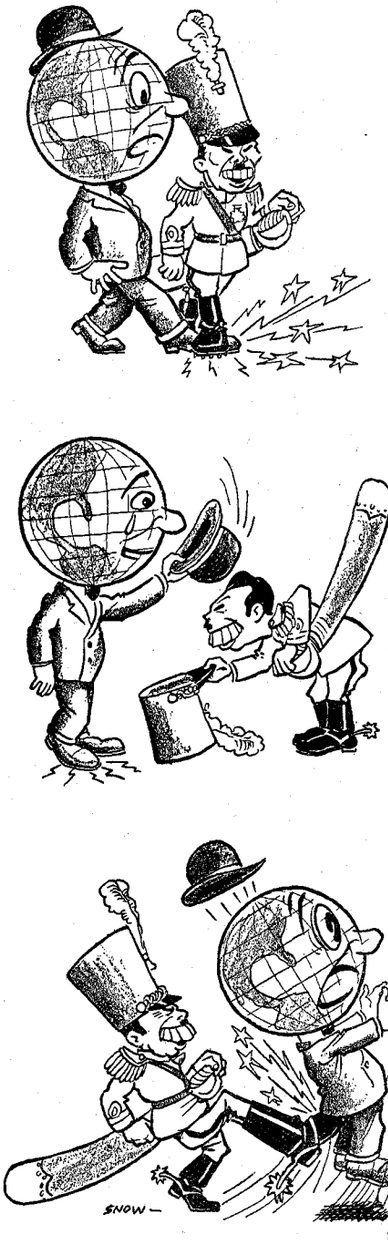
Labor's Non-Partisan League has meant in the steel and mining areas of Pennsylvania. The beginnings of independent political action have reintroduced the Bill of Rights to steel towns where the companies formerly abolished every vestige of civil rights. In Akron, the rubber union in conjunction with A. F. of L. locals elected four city councilmen in 1937, and is now preparing to expand progressive political action throughout Ohio to defeat vigilante Governor Martin L. Davey. In Michigan, Labor's Non-Partisan League has pledged itself to defeat the state's leading reactionaries in Congress, Senator Arthur H. Vandenburg and Representative Clare E. Hoffman. In New York, the American Labor Party, an expression of the League, won a notable victory in the city elections and now prepares for the coming state primaries.

It is at this moment that Green decides to split the progressive political front, just as he helped defeat the wages and hours bill last November. He thus becomes more than an ally of reaction: by his attempt to split the Non-Partisan League, he and the executive council put themselves far out in front of even Glenn Frank and the Liberty League, as leaders and executives of the tory program.

However, the issuing of an order by the council—as past events show—does not necessarily mean that A. F. of L. locals will withdraw from participation in League campaigns. The Federation's rank and file can still force state and city bodies to fight for progressive political action, just as they forced many such bodies to coöperate with the C.I.O. in its advocacy of militant unionism benefiting all workers.



Snow

The Miners Meet

WHILE the A. F. of L. executive council was meeting in Miami, Fla., and perfecting its program of opposition to any and all actions taken by the C.I.O., the United Mine Workers, most powerful union in America, convened in Washington. At their convention the miners threatened to place William Green on trial. The charge against the former secretary-treasurer of the U.M.W. was, ironically enough, disruption of the labor movement by fostering dual unionism. The discredited Progressive Miners' Union, recently chartered by the A. F. of L., has long been dominated by racketeers and has proved itself unable to organize more than a handful of coal miners. Yet Green blessed the Progressive Miners and urged them to raid the membership and parallel the organization of the established United Mine Workers.

But what really embarrassed Green was John L. Lewis's proposal to the convention that unity be reëstablished among the trade unions by the simple expedient of ending the split between the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. without further ado. The A. F. of L., Lewis suggested, should immediately call all C.I.O. unions to return, or failing that, all A. F. of L. unions should enter the C.I.O. The simplicity of the solution caught Green off guard; he could only splutter that Lewis was unfair. Lewis's solution was too reasonable, and it forced the executive council to admit that the one thing it wished to prevent was unity.

The U.M.W. convention, restating its program of cheap housing, increased relief, passage of the wages and hours bill, and expansion of the Social Security Act, also forwarded the functioning of democracy within the union itself by granting limited autonomy to eighteen of its thirty districts. The convention, still in session as we go to press, has been distinguished by its positive approach to the problems facing workers today. Every action taken by the U.M.W. is a stinging rebuke to the A. F. of L. executive council which in Miami has openly betrayed its membership and deserted the cause of labor unity.

The Struggle Inside Japan

THE Otas and Ryozo Okadas of Kensaku Shimaki's story, "From a Japanese Prison," which appears in our literary section in this issue, still live, still suffer, and still struggle in Japan. The war against China by no means enjoys the sympathy of the whole country. Bit by bit, news of Japan's anti-war movement is seeping through to the outside world. The Japanese papers can no longer suppress the evidence of its existence; some indication of its strength and scope may be deduced from items about the confiscation of pamphlets and leaflets and the imprisonment of "agitators" that find their way into the Japanese press.

According to the *China Weekly Review*, published in Shanghai, the opposition to war in Japan has grown stronger rather than weaker as a result of the present aggression. There has taken place a sudden increase in the "summons" and "arrests" of ordinary class-conscious workers and peasants, labor leaders, and even members of the Diet. Kanju Kato and Minoru Takano, both well-known labor leaders, have been thrown into prison. Reikichi Kita and Kazuo Furujima, members of the Diet, were arrested back in July. The Tokyo *Asahi Shimbun*, a leading paper in Japan, on September 16 reported that large quantities of anti-war publications had been confiscated by the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Bureau (the diary of a foreign resident, "Inside Japan in Wartime," which we published last week mentioned a similar case).

The paper stated that the titles of the seized publications were *Friends of Our People, Rise Up!, Our Soldiers of Peace,* etc., and it added that "there are many other handbills also being widely distributed in Tokyo. . . . Obviously the sole purpose is to develop anti-war feeling among the Japanese masses. . . . Up to the morning of September 15 already large quantities of these handbills have been seized. . . ."

The Japanese prison system, especially for the political prisoners, is a medieval affair. Its horrors are not overdone by Shimaki's story. But there is no breaking the spirit of the latter-day Otas and Okadas, and in this knowledge lies the doom of the whole foul system of war and oppression.

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FORSYTHE'S PAGE

Rise and Fall of Cecil Beaton

MY nose for scandal is not overdeveloped, but I like a tidbit as much as the next man, and fate has thrown Cecil Beaton in my lap. I have just met a man who knows Cecil Beaton. In fact has seen Cecil Beaton plain. In fact has stood this close to Cecil Beaton, has talked with him, has shaken his hand. I hope I will be pardoned for basking a bit in this glory.

Cecil Beaton, as a few people now know, is the combination photographer-artist who drew the *Vogue* illustrations with the celebrated "kike" border. The jest was delicious until somebody tipped off Walter Winchell. Mr. Winchell ran only a few lines on the subject, but the power of the press is great in America. What fell on Mr. Beaton almost immediately after the appearance of Mr. Winchell's few lines was a load of bricks. It happens that the bulk of the advertising in *Vogue* comes from Jewish firms, and while one Jew in a jocular mood may call another Jew a kike, nobody else can do it with impunity. Which is very much to the good. By nine o'clock in the morning the office of Conde Nast, publisher of *Vogue,* was full of indignant advertisers. By midnight Cecil Beaton was no longer staff photographer for *Vogue*. His $20,000-a-year (estimated) salary was a thing of the past; it was quite possible that his suite at the Waldorf would soon be a matter for reminiscence.

What the incident constituted was the downfall of Beau Brummel, and as such is a matter of historical importance. From what I can learn Cecil Beaton began as a young man with a cockney accent and manners which were held to be short of perfection. His early years in London were difficult, and it was only when he was taken up by the Sitwells that success arrived. The Sitwells were forever having their portraits done by Cecil Beaton, who stood on a ladder and snapped his new friends as they lay about below in the most amazing positions. It was clearly seen at once that this was Art, and Cecil began to grow in public importance.

He discovered that other Londoners of the Mayfair set were anxious to do the extraordinary as models, and his pictures of lovely ladies posed at askew angles became a vogue. By the time he arrived in America, his personality had advanced with his art, and he was something of a figure in his own right. He was given to such things as pink evening clothes and grotesque waistcoats. In almost no time at all he was on the staff of *Vogue*.

For that magazine he was an excellent acquisition because by now his social connections were of value. It reached a point where Mrs. Harrison Williams ("the best dressed woman in the world") would pose only for Cecil. The fact that Cecil could afford an outlet for his photographs made him the darling of New York society. It was all very well to be photographed, but it was even better to be published in a nice slick-papered magazine, and he could pick his spots among the upper layers of society. When it is realized that the Duchess of Windsor was content to have Cecil photograph her for *Vogue* a week before her marriage to the duke, it will be seen that *Vogue* was in an excellent position among magazines. When it is further noted that she allowed Cecil to photograph her in a dress bearing upon its front a red lobster the size of a wine-cask, an even greater admiration is due him.

In short the gentleman was by now a law unto himself. He could photograph ladies who would brook no other lens-snapper, and he could furnish publicity for other ladies who would sooner be dead than out of the public eye. Then came the cataclysm.

If there is importance in this article, it comes in now. What made Cecil Beaton attempt his little joke? What prompted him to set off the skyrocket which came down and brained him? It seems to have something to do with the effect high society invariably has on a young man who once possessed a cockney accent and few friends. If you start playing that big nonsense game, it gets you. Because Beaton was always conscious of his past, it was necessary for him to be above it. It was also necessary for him to be scornful of anybody else who started to climb.

In that same famous "kike" border, there was a reference to Mrs. David Selznick. That demands a little explanation. David Selznick is head of Selznick International (motion pictures), which in turn is backed by Jock Whitney. Among the upper crust there have been gags going around about Dave and Irene and their new society connections, the Whitneys. Quite plainly the Selznicks were climbing, and nothing irritates a man who has climbed more than seeing another trying to climb. So in one place in the Cecil Beaton border, there is a reference to Mrs. David Selznick, and in another you get the line about the kikes. An interesting study in psychology, if I am right.

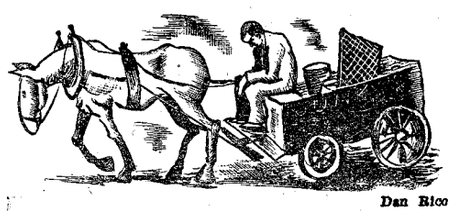
Even if I'm not right, the case of Cecil Beaton is interesting. Unless you've seen wealth in the West End of London, you have no conception of the power of money. In a shop window in Bond Street last summer, I saw a little traveling case advertised for sale. It had a few brushes and a comb, and the thing was only as large as a lunch box, and the tag said that this slight possession might be had for only £2000 ($10,000). When you've once had a taste of that, I suppose your values are apt to be altered. And when you frame your whole life to be a success with such people, you instinctively take on their prejudices.

A friend was telling me recently of a party he attended on Long Island. There were about twenty guests. When time came for dinner, the host suddenly decided that it would be more exciting to eat on his yacht. So he called the yacht and they all trooped down there. It meant that although he used the yacht about once every two weeks, he had a full crew all the time, with the cooks at attention and the ice-boxes filled with food. (It reminds one of the elder Morgan's reply to the man who asked what it cost to keep a yacht. "If you worry about what it costs, you can't afford to have one.")

The contrasts between poverty and wealth are not so easily seen here as in London. Either the wealthy section is less concentrated or the American billionaires are cagier about making a show of their possessions. In essence, there is little difference between the two countries; the wealth is so staggering in both cases that not even the cleverest writers can make it plain to those who haven't seen it. It caught up Cecil Beaton, just as it does all the others who don't fight against it.

The effect upon poor Conde Nast was devastating. He had to withdraw half the issue in which the "kike" border appeared and smudge out the fighting words. It probably cost him fifty thousand dollars. It may cost other jobs as well because editors are supposed to catch such things before they get into print, and this would particularly be true in the case of Beaton, who is notoriously eccentric. The most heartening thing about the incident was (a) Beaton's interviews with the papers ("I don't know why I did it . . . didn't mean it . . . must have been my unconscious working . . . must have been the bad movies I've been seeing lately"), and (b) the rush of Elsa Maxwell and her friends to his rescue. They had arranged beforehand for a dinner for him the night of the big explosion. It was to be an informal occasion but the word went around . . . "White tie." It ended as a testimonial to a great man. They must have stood solemnly at attention, hands on hearts, glasses lifted high. The last stand of the nobles against the rabble.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.



Dan Rico

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The Federal Arts Bill

By Elizabeth Noble

ART is not the last frontier which can be conquered by man; nevertheless the acceptance of the arts as necessities of life had to wait a century longer in this country than it took the American social order to recognize free public education as an essential right of every citizen in a democracy. In the early nineteenth century the progressive insisted that the citizenry be literate; in the twentieth he insists that music, painting, sculpture, literature, the theater, and the dance be accessible to all. The frontier of art is being won, as the frontier of education was.

The structure by which this ideal can be translated into an enduring reality of American life is the permanent Bureau of Fine Arts in the federal government, to be created when the Federal Arts Bill is enacted; and the agency working without let-up to bring about its passage is the Federal Arts Committee, with Lawrence Tibbett as chairman. Behind the committee stands an imposing list of sponsors, both organizations and individuals, unions as varied as the Transport Workers' and the American Newspaper Guild; playwrights, poets, novelists, composers, painters, actors, dancers, educators, social workers; the great rank and file of the personnel of the four Federal Arts Projects, demanding that their creative work be put on a permanent basis; and finally, most important, the millions of the American nation. In this movement to extend art on a broad popular basis, the emphasis has shifted: art is no longer a matter of the isolated artist or the solitary patron, of the rare museum lending a helping hand; it has become the urgent concern of society.

The bill, drafted by the unions of the various arts and first submitted to Congress last August by Representative Coffee of Washington, has gained extraordinary momentum. Introduced in revised form into the Senate January 21 by Senator Pepper of Florida and re-introduced into the House by Representative Coffee, the bill was immediately referred to the Senate Committee on Labor and Education and the House Committee on Education. Within the next five weeks, hearings will be held at which eminent citizens will testify in favor of the bill. Important support has already come from the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the U. S. Treasury, the government's official art agency. The joint bill, S.3296 and H.R. 9102, will be further aided by the cultural conference of all the arts organizations within a hundred-mile radius of New York City to be held there February 20, in preparation for the national conference at Chicago in March.

The Federal Arts Bill does not represent only a device for giving opportunity to some thousands of painters, sculptors, actors, musicians, composers, dancers, and writers to practice their crafts with a minimum economic security. From the broadest cultural and human point of view, it creates a system of profound social relationships, in which the artist *per se* is both teacher and taught, creator and created, where the responsibility of the artist to the public and of the public to the artist is reciprocal and mutual, each party to the contract educating and enriching himself in the process. The ultimate victory of its passage will be, therefore, not the end of the struggle, but the beginning—as is clearly implied both in the terms of the bill and the program of the committee.

The federal art program began as an emergency program. Hastily organized in order that cultural workers should not be neglected in the general works progress activity, the four arts projects (theater, music, writers, and art, with the dance as a Cinderella of the theater set-up), suffered from the defects inherent in any emergency program. The temporary nature of the assignments, lack of tenure, constant danger of lay-offs, lack of funds to cover the entire fiscal period—in a word, uncertainty—did nothing to induce the fine frenzy of the creative mood; it produced instead the militant and determined ardor of the picket line, the sit-in and sit-down strike, the fervor of workers resisting the policeman's club and the Black Maria. In spite of this great handicap, the arts projects have produced work of amazingly high caliber, work which will stand comparison with the best produced under the auspices of "private industry"—a strange phrase indeed to use in connection with that delicate and sacred thing, *art*.

In the theater, the evolution of the socio-psychic montage of the Living Newspaper would be achievement enough to justify the time and energy spent in this field, let alone the Negro Theater and such real contributions to commerce (this means Broadway) as *The Cradle Will Rock* and Orson Welles. In music it would be enough if the project had done no more than to create in the Composer's Forum Laboratory an outlet for the new voices of contemporary American music; but here, too, there have been other great services, as in group teaching. The writers, handicapped by lack of any organs of publication, nevertheless have gone ahead and managed to get several notable volumes published, as *Who's Who in the Zoo*, a project enterprise, and the off-project *American Stuff*. In the Art Project, the recent revival of color lithography is no small contribution to the popularization of the pictorial and print-making arts. On an even wider front, the art teaching has reached out to touch thousands of lives at a critical and impressionable period.

Lithograph by J. Leboit (Federal Arts Project)

Negro Children

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In comparison with the figures on the credit side, those in the red are negligible, or at least easily corrected.

It is to do precisely this correction that the permanent Bureau of Fine Arts is designed. The federal arts program is no longer an emergency program. From the pioneer days of the Public Works of Art Projects, inaugurated in December 1933, to the present, a vast body of experience has been accumulated; the shortcomings and misgivings inherent in a temporary, emergency program are clearly understood. The next step is, therefore, to achieve permanency in order that the arts may go ahead even more fully and richly. Basic in the projected permanent structure is the democratic idea as opposed to bureaucracy. At every crucial point in the history of the arts project, the artist has had to fight to maintain his point of view and to win his rights. Benevolent as the administration might be, from the President down, paternalism is never a system which satisfies the free creative soul. The bureau as defined in S. 3296 and H.R. 9102 avoids this danger by specific safeguards and guarantees.

A corollary is that the arts do not exist isolated, any more than does the artist. The line of demarcation between the theater and painting or music is an ever shifting one, as the Living Newspaper proves. Certainly the relation between the plastic and pictorial arts and the dance is very close. Where writing ends and printmaking begins is hard to say. The division of the arts into compartments has had the effect of making artificial separations, of throwing up barriers of red tape between arts which have everything to gain by collaborating and their lives to lose by remaining apart. This realism has also controlled the definition of the arts to be included in the bureau, namely, theater, dance, music, literature, graphic and plastic arts, architecture and decoration, six departments coördinated by the commissioner. It is significant, moreover, that the proposed bill specifically adds "and allied arts" to each category, as well as specifies that the work to be done in each field shall be "creative, interpretative, research and teaching therein," a far wider conception than was possible with the temporary structures.

The general form for the bureau as specified in the bill in its present form is as follows. It will be headed by a commissioner, appointed by the President from a panel of names submitted by the unions of the arts affected. The commissioner in turn will be assisted by six members, appointed by himself from a panel submitted as above. For administrative purposes, the United States will be divided into regions, for each of which a regional committee of six members (one for each art) will be appointed, again from a panel, submitted this time by the unions of the region. Existing personnel will be taken over by the new organizations, and an expansion of employment by 20 percent will be required, while wages will be raised to a minimum of thirty dollars per week. Rights of workers to sick leave, vacations, retirement pay, and tenure of service will be guaranteed on a basis equal to that of other federal employees, although civil service requirements will be waived. The right to organize and to bargain collectively is guaranteed. Funds to carry out the provisions of the act will come from congressional appropriations. Responsibility for administration will rest not with individuals but with the national and regional committees.

Through these provisions it will be possible to achieve a democratic organization, in which the creative workers themselves have a hand in forming policies and carrying them out. No anti-labor commissioner can be appointed because his name would never appear on a panel submitted by trade unions. And, moreover, through their right of collective bargaining the workers themselves can strive to improve not only wages and hours, but also the imponderables of their working condition, the intangible factors of "quality" and æsthetic desiderata, demanding freedom from censorship of style and subject matter, freedom to experiment and freedom to seek the widest audience. Indeed if under the temporary art projects the artist has sometimes suffered from the existing low level of taste, under the new structure it will be his manifest duty to seek by every possible means to raise the taste of the nation, a function which has been in some points denied him previously. In this respect the art program is exactly comparable to the free-public-education movement of a century ago; for the problem of eradicating illiteracy is parallel to that of bringing culture to the people in terms acceptable both to the people and to the cultural worker.

The Federal Arts Committee, while working immediately and energetically for public support to ensure the early passage of the bill, also considers these related issues. Through its committees on education, publicity and publications, labor and farm, public welfare, civic organizations, and finance, it is reaching out to groups not all of whom have been previously integrated with the arts program. For example, the chairman of the Farm Holiday Association has endorsed the bill. Trade unions, women's clubs, civic clubs, welfare groups, are but a few of the many organizations, representing every kind of person and interest, who are being mobilized for the support of the Federal Arts Bill. Plans to enlist the aid of even more groups mean calling on the widest possible people's front for culture. Settlement houses and debutantes are being recruited in practically the same breath, while a leaf taken out of the book of the wartime "minute-man" is being applied to new and better objectives, as arrangements are made to have speakers appear in theaters and movies for one and two minute talks between acts or features. If possible a film will be made, to illustrate how the projects touch life at many points, in settlement houses and art centers, in remote parts of the country, in slums, in trade-union halls, in our leading and most powerful museums, in fact, through the strata of American life.

How widespread the response has already been may be seen from a partial list of sponsors:

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READERS' FORUM

For a Real Investigation

TO THE NEW MASSES:

LAST week a criminal killed a policeman. It was thought at first he was an "insane killer" because he'd been in Matteawan (the New York state institution for the criminal insane). But right away there were Revelations. And the Revelations are continuing and growing and cutting an ever-wider swathe through the ideas commonly held about our institutions and what they exist for.

First it is discovered that Martin Lavin, who killed the cop, was a "malingerer" (testimony of Dr. Raymond Keib of Matteawan), that he had faked insanity at Bellevue where he had been kept "under supervision" *the unusually long period of three months* (the normal period is ten days). *Why?* That in spite of the testimony of an alienist who had studied him, the then head of Bellevue Psychiatric Division, Dr. Menas Gregory (afterwards removed for corrupt practices), and a lunacy commission, two of whose members had close connections with Tammany judges and leaders, declared the man insane. *Why?* At the hearings before the McNaboe Committee of Law Enforcement (reported in the NEW MASSES for October 26, 1937) Dr. Frederic Wertham, chief of the Mental Hygiene Clinic at Bellevue, stated that "this man was sent up though he was simulating insanity, and I tell you he will yet commit another murder." Lavin was *at that time* free. It was known he had committed several murders; he had been arrested fifteen times; nothing was done. *Why not?* When, after six months in Matteawan, he heard his accomplice at the Tombs was freed for lack of evidence, Lavin miraculously regained his sanity and was brought before a court. "Insufficient evidence" of his hold-up murder was found, and he was freed. *Why?*

Now, the police round up one thousand of those underprivileged who don't have decent houses to live in and whose hang-outs are not the Stork Club or La Conga, beat them up, fingerprint them, get them police records so that it will be even harder for them to find jobs, hold them in such crowded conditions that several faint, only to be told by several magistrates that they must be dismissed for lack of evidence. The police round-up nets none of the people at present being sought for major unsolved crimes—including Lavin's three accomplices. *Why not?*

At the McNaboe hearings it was brought out that a thoroughly chaotic condition exists in the matter of coöperation between agencies which deal with the mentally defective, the criminal (potential or actual), the insane, the merely harassed. That facts are not obtained by police, probation and parole officers, law enforcement agencies, or the hospitals; that psychiatrists, doctors, and nurses are grossly underpaid and idiotically overworked while lunacy commissions, admitted by Mayor LaGuardia as being mere political plums, get big fees for practically no work; and that proper institutional care is virtually unobtainable because of overcrowding, neglect, and corruption on the part of hospital authorities.

Senator McNaboe says he's going to see about lunacy commissions. But he cannot—and won't be able to—stop there. The *World-Telegram* calls editorially "for further and deeper investigations."

And I suggest that the public be not content with the kind of investigation that will take one little piece of this mosaic of incompetence, and dabble at "reforming" that, but will put it up squarely to Mayor LaGuardia and his Commissioner of Hospitals S. S. Goldwater, as well as to the judges, the lunacy commissions, the police, the charities, the probation and parole system, the lawyers and legal system: *How* do these things come to occur? WHY?

MARGARET WRIGHT MATHER.

New York City.

The Spy at Your Counter

TO THE NEW MASSES:

LET'S call it an off moment that prompted your printing of Lucy Randolph's "They Call It Service," in your issue of January 25. While the subject material of the article was most salient, and of vital importance, it was with difficulty that I strove to suppress a twinge of remorse that it could not have been presented from a more benefiting angle, that of a store clerk's, perhaps. There is not a single store worker but would say "Nerts!" to Miss Randolph's naïve conjecture that there were some of them who were unaware of this loathesome espionage system. Indeed, most employers hold the threat of it over the troubled heads of their employees.

Enclosed is a typical notice conveniently distributed by a well-known spy company to its clients' stores. It saves the employer the time and trouble of personal coercion, helps to pass the unpleasant buck, and is ever so much more effective. After all, a ten- or twelve-dollar-a-week clerk, daily confronted with sums running well into the hundreds, at times might inadvertently allow "human nature" to get the best of him. Therefore the stringent necessity for threats and stool-pigeons.

But, pitifully weak human that I also am, I find it of little moment whether or not a clerk is "guilty" of stealing. Miss Randolph seems troubled by this factor. Guilty or no, clerks and even managers hate these surreptitious shoppers and spy systems with a hatred that is fervent and deep-rooted.

It might be interesting to note that the majority of these "service companies" also have a neat, thriving sideline of supplying strikebreakers during strikes. A striker's abhorrence of a strikebreaker is brotherly love compared with the hatred felt by store workers toward shoppers. This powerful factor aided the C.I.O. greatly in their organization of store clerks during the past year.

In cognizance of the above, I find it very hard to reconcile Miss Randolph's anxiety over the victims of her "service" company, and still remain in its employ as long as she did. She cites an instance where she very easily obtained a job in a store for testing purposes, yet left it to rejoin the spy crew.

My eyes have run too dry from weeping over the dupes of this cursed spy system to have any tears left for the hardships of the spies so vividly depicted by Miss Randolph. Though her contriteness is touching, I still wish her material had been garnered from the other side of the counter.

I manage a drug store for a large national chain. I have also previously managed stores for other chains. I am only too familiar with the "service" companies about which Miss Randolph writes.

Here is the bulletin:

'WHY WE OPERATE A SERVICE SYSTEM

"What Willmark Service Means to You and to Our Store

"At times every store has to contend with the troublesome problem of human weaknesses—the problem of the weak-willed, the dishonest, the shirking, the indifferent salesperson.

"We believe that the great majority of our people are loyal and honest in their work. But, wherever there is an individual who cannot or will not conscientiously follow out the policies of our company, we feel that it is unfair both to our customers and to our own organization to allow that person to go on unchecked.

"On the other hand, if any of our people are doing exceptionally good selling, if they are serving every customer in a most courteous and effective manner, we want to know about it.

"In order that we may eliminate all kinds of dishonesty, and at the same time give proper consideration to the deserving, we have engaged the Willmark Service System. Willmark gives us direct contact with our salespeople—helps us to know exactly what is going on in our stores at all times.

"Not only is Willmark a protection against losses for our store; it is also a real protection for our honest employees. If your department is showing serious cash and stock shortages, the personal standing of every individual in the department may be impaired. If we do not endeavor to find out who the dishonest, inefficient salespeople are, the honest may suffer with the dishonest. Willmark enables us to place responsibility for losses upon the proper shoulders.

"Willmark also constructively helps you to become a better, more effective salesperson. Willmark literature teaches proper methods for handling cash, and tactful, persuasive methods for satisfying more customers and selling more merchandise. Willmark shopping tests and reports keep us in touch with the actual selling methods you are using with customers and enable us to help you develop your selling ability.

"This article is written for you because we want you to know that each salesperson is judged according to honesty, ability, and interest in his or her work. If you do everything in your power to advance the interests of the store at all times, you may be certain that your worthy service will be recognized.

"You are thoroughly familiar with the rules and policies of your store. We expect you to adhere strictly to them, and carry them out faithfully in every transaction. You will find that it is much easier to abide by rules than to violate them."

Every salesclerk, after reading the above, was required to return it to the management with a pledge that "I thoroughly understand the importance of serving my employer conscientiously and loyally. I will adhere to store rules and policies in every particular."

ROBERT SHAW.

Boston, Mass.

Slandering the Seamen

TO THE NEW MASSES:

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., has not been able to stomach the accusations made by Senator Copeland and the Senate Commerce and Labor Committee in Washington against American seamen. Like many other travelers, he found the seamen competent, reliable, and courteous, and he sent a telegram to the committee headed by Senator Bailey as follows:

"I HAVE BEEN READING YOUR COMMITTEE'S REPORTS CONCERNING AMERICAN SEAMEN. IN THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS I HAVE MADE A GREAT MANY VOYAGES ON AMERICAN SHIPS AND ODDLY ENOUGH HAVE NEVER YET EXPERIENCED THE SLIPSHOD METHODS MANY OTHER PASSENGERS COMPLAIN OF. I CROSSED SEVERAL TIMES IN THE LEVIATHAN MANY YEARS AGO THRICE RECENTLY ON THE LURLINE PRESIDENT COOLIDGE AND ANOTHER DOLLAR BOAT AND MADE SEVERAL COASTWISE TRIPS ABOARD THE H. F. ALEXANDER HARVARD AND YALE. I HAVE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT DURING STORMS AND NEVER YET NOTICED THINGS BEING DESCRIBED BY SOME OF YOUR WITNESSES. I HAVE TALKED WITH A GREAT MANY AMERICAN SEAMEN DURING TRYING TIMES AND I HAVE ALSO YET TO SEE AN INTOXICATED AMERICAN SEAMAN ON DUTY."

A movement is on foot to have other travelers on American boats wire Senator Bailey of their experiences with the seamen, and to send copies of their telegrams to the National Committee for People's Rights, which is conducting a "Fair Play for American Seamen" drive.

JERRY MARVIN.

New York City.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Revolution in the Making

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, *edited by Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov, Gorki, Zhdanov, and Kirov. (Volume I of the History of the Civil War.) International Publishers.* $1.25.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, *by V. I. Lenin and Joseph Stalin. International Publishers.* $2.00.

BY the end of February 1917, the government of Nicholas II was still in the saddle. The weak parliament known as the State Duma dared criticize cabinet ministers only in whispers. The people were unorganized and had no appreciable political liberties. Millions of Russians rotted in the trenches on a thousand-mile front, while a handful of war profiteers were amassing fabulous fortunes. And dozens of minority nationalities groaned under the iron heel of oppression in the "prison of peoples."

By the end of November 1917, the autocratic government of Nicholas and the succeeding bourgeois-democratic government of Kerensky had been overthrown. Nicholas Romanov and his family had been executed, and Kerensky had fled abroad in disguise. The old state apparatus had been smashed and discarded, and state power was exercised with a profound consciousness of authority by a totally new agency—the councils of deputies of workers, soldiers, and peasants, known as Soviets. The lands of the large landowners, the crown, and the church had been confiscated and seized by the peasants. Workers' control had been established in the factories, as a step toward taking them over completely in the near future. The minority nationalities had been given full freedom. Huge masses of soldiers were moving from the trenches westward, homeward, while peace with Germany was about to be negotiated by the new government, the Council of People's Commissars.

By the end of February the Bolshevik (Communist) Party of Russia was still underground, numbering only a few thousand members. By the end of November it was heading millions of workers and scores of millions of peasants in the greatest revolution in history—greatest because it represented not only a change of the class that wields power, but a change in the ownership of the means of production, a transition into a new social system.

The span between February and November is packed with so many colossal events; the correlation of social forces undergoes transformations in such rapid succession; political events follow each other with such dizzy speed; classes and parties reveal their inherent potentialities so clearly and fully; the whole social scene changes within such brief periods, that those who participated in the making of the history of that epoch themselves considered it little short of miraculous. In retrospect, after twenty years, these momentous months appear even more stirring in view of the survival of the revolution in face of numberless obstacles and in view of the completion of its primary task—the building of a Socialist system.

It is perhaps because of the vastness of scene and the material that no comprehensive history of the revolution has hitherto been written in the Soviet Union. There are numerous histories of the Communist Party, which also deal with the major facts of the revolution. There are mountains of monographs, tracts, articles on the various phases of the revolution. A mass of research work conducted by Soviet institutes has accumulated. There are a number of historical journals.

The History of the Civil War, however, is thus far the only publication giving a consecutive story of the revolution within the limits of a few volumes, of which the present is the first. The other volumes are still in preparation. The American publishers could have done the public no greater service than to issue this translation of the book at a popular price.

The volume deals only with the events from February to the beginning of October, *i.e.,* to the eve of the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, but the reader gets a clear understanding of the forces and circumstances that made the October revolution inevitable and assured its success. The book is an outstanding example of how history should be written from the Marxian point of view. Its value is vouchsafed by the board of editors—Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov, Gorki, Zhdanov, and Kirov.

The student of the history of the revolution would do well to read this volume concurrently with the other volume under review, *The Russian Revolution,* by Lenin and Stalin, which contains in chronological order many of the writings and speeches made by the leaders of the revolution from February to November. The latter book, complete in itself, will be better understood in the light of the facts narrated in *The History of the Civil War.* On the other hand, the reading of the works of Lenin and Stalin in connection with every turn of the revolution will make for a clearer understanding of the facts. While *The History of the Civil War* is a digest of the revolutionary events in retrospect, Lenin's and Stalin's writings are the revolution in the making. Both books form a unit, the like of which can seldom be found.

For Lenin and Stalin are not only *students* of the revolution; they are its *makers* at the head of the Communist Party and in closest contact with the masses. Their writings open the door, so to speak, to the very laboratory of the revolution.

The course is somewhat like this. First, a survey of a given situation is made by Lenin or Stalin separately or together; facts are carefully studied and data collected. Then theses are written, and a report is presented to the Bolshevik Party (conference or Central Committee) and a course of action is mapped out. After this follow a number of articles explaining the situation to the broad masses and urging them to accept the Bolshevik line, a line expressed in brief, crisp, and extremely lucid slogans. Because they express the interests of the masses and because, being based on the solid foundation of fact, they are tremendously convincing, these slogans are rapidly accepted by the masses and shape their actions. Lenin and Stalin give guidance to these actions.

One cannot escape the impression that many of the writings and speeches of Lenin and Stalin are prophetic. Lenin and Stalin see clearly the shape of things to come. Equipped with the Marxian analysis which they master more completely than anyone else, they forecast events on the basis of tendencies

Recently Recommended Books

The Wild Goose Chase, by Rex Warner. Knopf. $2.75.

Poems, by Rex Warner. Knopf. $2.

New Fashions in Wage Theory, by Jürgen Kuczynski. International. $1.50.

A History of the Businessman, by Miriam Beard. Macmillan. $5.

Red Star over China, by Edgar Snow. Random. $3. (Book Union Selection for January.)

America's Sixty Families, by Ferdinand Lundberg. Vanguard. $3.75.

Two Wars and More to Come, by Herbert L. Matthews. Carrick & Evans. $2.50.

Contemporary Mexican Artists, by Augustin Velasquez Chavez. Covici-Friede. $2.75.

Marc Anthony, by Jack Lindsay. Dutton. $3.75.

Letters from Iceland, by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Random. $3.

Old Hell, by Emmett Gowen. Modern Age. Cloth, 85c. Paper, 25c.

Madame Curie, by Eve Curie. Translated by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

Six Centuries of Fine Prints, by Carl Zigrosser. Covici-Friede. $5.

Young Henry of Navarre, by Heinrich Mann. Knopf. $3.

The Pretender, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking. $2.50.

The Flivver King, by Upton Sinclair. United Automobile Workers of America. Also by the author, Pasadena, Cal. 25c.

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and forces—and in no case do they prove incorrect. Having outlined a policy in conformity with a clearly foreseen development, they exhibit a fearlessness of which only great revolutionists are capable. Least of all are they afraid to change their slogans with the change of a situation. The slogan "All power to the Soviets" may serve as an adequate example.

In his April 3 theses Lenin had declared: "Not a parliamentary republic—to return to a parliamentary republic from the Soviets of Workers' Deputies would be a retrograde step—but a republic of Soviets of workers', agricultural laborers', and peasants' deputies throughout the country, from top to bottom." The slogan spread like wildfire. But then came the events of July 3-5, the demonstrations of the Petrograd workers, the suppression of the Bolshevik Party, the yielding of the Soviets, under the petty-bourgeois leadership of the Mensheviks and Social-Revolutionaries, to the pressure of the reactionary Provisional Government. Stalin then, in his report before the Sixth Congress of the Bolshevik Party, proposes to withdraw the slogan "All Power to the Soviets" because *"Strength* no longer lies in the Soviets." Stalin makes it clear that this does not mean "Down with the Soviets!" but that "the Soviets are not the only type of revolutionary organization" and that "the really decisive question is whether the working class is ripe for a dictatorship." The organizational forms which the revolution would assume, says Stalin, "will be brought about by the creativeness of the revolution." Soon, however, another change takes place. The Soviets are stiffening their resistance to the Provisional Government; they are turning to a revolutionary policy; many Soviets go Bolshevik. Stalin, in an article published September 17, declares: *"'All power to the Soviets'*—such is the slogan of the new movement," the reason being that "In the flames of the struggle the moribund Soviets are reviving. They are once again taking the helm and leading the revolutionary masses."

Throughout the whole volume runs the tremendous driving power of Lenin and Stalin, the breadth of their vision, the colossal sweep of their imagination, the flexibility of their tactics in conformity with concrete situations and in pursuance of the main objective, their abiding faith in the revolutionary spirit, understanding and creativeness of the masses and their merciless struggle against false notions and false leaders, no matter what their position. As early as July 1917, Stalin, at the Sixth Congress of the Communist Party, defends the idea of the possibility of a Socialist revolution and of building Socialism in one country, Russia, against those who disbelieved in such a possibility. It was Preobrazhensky who proposed an amendment conditioning the capture of political power by the revolutionary classes on "the event of a proletarian revolution in the west," and it was Stalin who emphasized that "we must cast aside the obsolete idea that only Europe can show us the way." Significantly, Stalin added: *"There is dogmatic Marxism and creative Marxism. I stand on the basis of the latter."* These words could be made a motto to all the work of Lenin and Stalin.

Lenin's and Stalin's struggles against the cowardly behavior of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Nogin, Rykov, Miliutov, and others who at the crucial moment of insurrection and seizure of power deserted the Party and violated the decisions of the Central Committee, is widely known. The volumes contain abundant proof that from the very outset these men were enemies of the revolution. "A serious betrayal"—this is how Lenin characterized Zinoviev's and Kamenev's actions on the eve of the uprising. "Strikebreakers" he called them. (Had he written in English he would have said "Scabs.")

One cannot refrain from quoting one passage from Lenin which fits the strikebreakers and betrayers of today perfectly. "A shrill pessimism" is what Lenin finds in these gentlemen. "Everything is well with the bourgeoisie and Kerensky; everything is wrong with us. The capitalists have everything wonderfully in hand; everything is wrong with the workers." In 1917 they ran to Kerensky, Kornilov, Brusilov, who planned the dictatorship of a czarist general; in 1932-1937 they ran to Hitler.

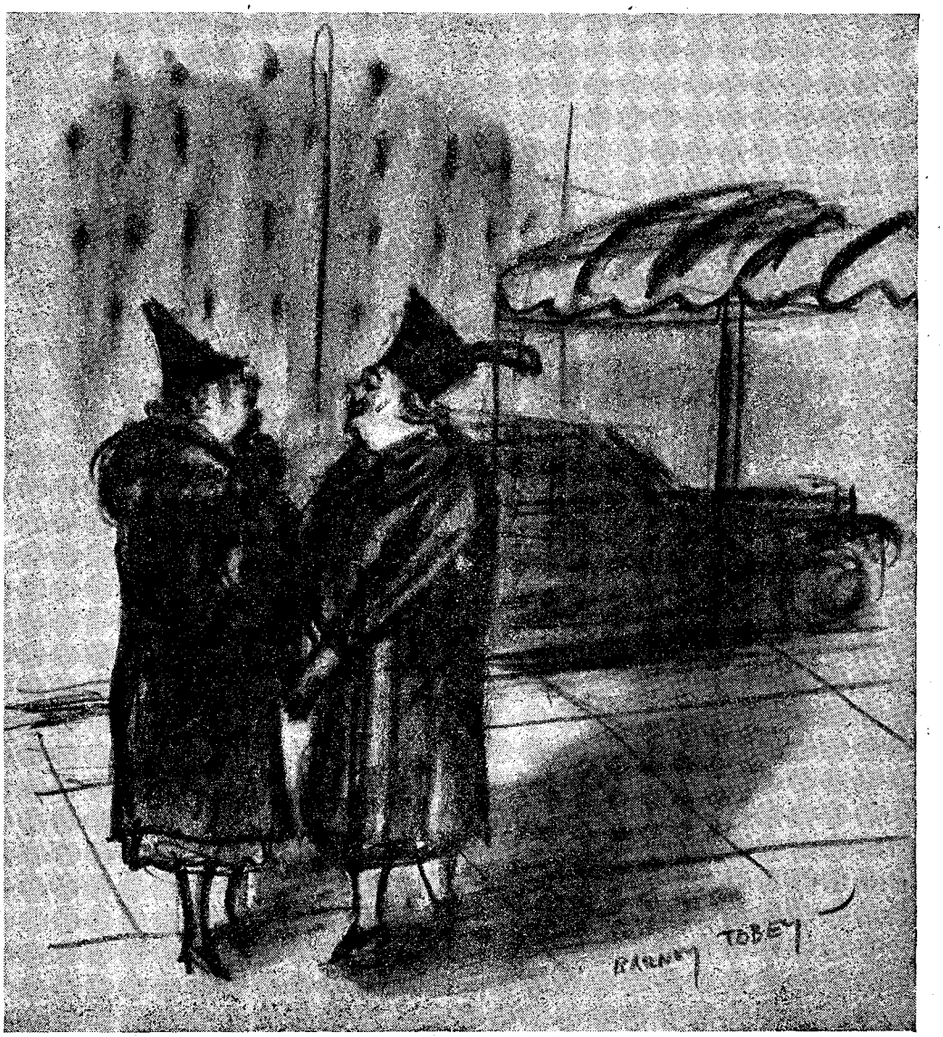
Like a clarion call rings Stalin's appeal of October 24, an appeal to seize power. "A new government must come into power, a government chosen by the Soviets, recallable by the Soviets, and responsible to the Soviets." We recognize the voice of the author of the 1937 constitution, the most democratic in the world.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

Corrosive Without Corrective

THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM, *by Thurman W. Arnold. Yale University Press.* $3.

ARNOLD'S *The Folklore of Capitalism* is a continuation and amplification of his *The Symbols of Government.* Perhaps it is more profitably to be approached as a lexicon than as an argument. For it is attempting to chart some hitherto uncharted areas of speculation, particularly as to the relations between business and politics; and such attempts are necessarily more concerned with the rounding out of a point of view, suggesting a perspective



Barney Tobey

"But my dear—THIS Sinclair Lewis book is a NICE book."

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by giving examples of its major aspects, than with rigorous advance from premise to conclusion. Arnold himself names this perspective "Political Dynamics," which is probably as good a trade name as any. But for purposes of general location, I think we could class it, with Mannheim's *Ideology and Utopia,* as a contribution to the *sociology of politics.*

Arnold's analysis of capitalism's dilemmas and antics seems at once *on* the track and *off* the track. And it is not easy to differentiate one phase from the other, without relying merely on appeal to prejudice. Above all, a reviewer should not allow his reservations to obscure his obligations as a mere reporter of the book's contents. For to my mind, everyone interested in the techniques of propaganda should read *The Folklore of Capitalism,* quite as he should read Jeremy Bentham and Thorstein Veblen.

Attempting to simplify a complex volume, I should reduce *The Folklore of Capitalism* to two main strands: the one that, by my notion, puts it *on* the track, and the one that puts it *off.* Both exemplify the use of planned incongruity for interpretive purposes.

By planned incongruity I mean a rational prodding or coaching of language so as to see around the corner of everyday usage. Impressed by the great development of machinery, for instance, many thinkers have sought to explain the workings of human beings after the analogy of the machine. Or others, impressed by the documents of biological evolution, have sought to explain the workings of human beings after the analogy of apes. Such modes of interpretation would be examples of planned incongruity, whereby the thinker coached the migration of a perspective from its special area into a wider area. This would be a kind of metaphorical projection.

One can very easily coach words in this way, by subjecting them to a *functional* test. For instance, not many years ago, when men spoke of morals or ethics, they meant only good morals, good ethics. But suppose you apply a purely functional approach to some term like moral code. You say, "morality *is* as morality *does,*" whereupon you may with propriety speak of criminal ethics, the moral code of gamblers, etc. By simply passing over the barriers of the word, as built up in the pieties of everyday usage, and rationally using it instead to name a function or process, you may coach it to migrate beyond its customary barriers, often with valuable interpretive results.

Arnold's book seems to gravitate about two such metaphorical projections. One is the mode of interpretation obtained by projecting (and then toning down) the perspective of the psychiatric institution until it covers all human relations. This leads to a picture of society as a farce, hilarious on the surface but somewhat grim in its ultimate implications. I should call this the dubious aspect of Arnold's book, though it contributes much to its value as entertainment. The dramatic and ritualistic elements he notes in the historic process are, I think, given a radically false interpretation,

Thompson M. Funk

by reason of the quality of indictment inherent in this psychiatric perspective itself.

The *useful* projection, for interpretive purposes, is in the amply documented transformation he performs upon the word "government." In the pieties of popular usage, business and government are usually treated as *opposites.* Arnold, by subjecting the words to a functional treatment, sees beyond this piety. As you read, in particular his ironic chapters on "The Benevolence of Taxation by Private Organization" and "The Malevolence of Taxation by Government," you find accumulated a mass of clearly pointed material that is perfectly designed to dissolve the quackery of such writers as Walter Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, and Dorothy Thompson. Arnold makes it apparent that business is purely and simply a government, and a non-democratic form of government at that, even having its own regularized modes of taxation. In fact, he clearly shows how this business government has repeatedly resorted to the *capital levy,* despite the fact that such a notion strikes horror into the hearts of our conservatives when presented in political forms.

I should also salute a chapter like "The Ritual of Corporate Reorganization," in which Arnold amasses from many contemporary sources the evidence disclosing the unreal and filmy nature of the concept of property under finance capitalism, and the ways in which this breach between legalistic ideals and practical actualities is manipulated to the advantage of insiders.

Again and again, however, the author's showmanship leads him to overstress the part played by ritual in the judicial pronouncements of our legal and economic priesthood. The picturesqueness of his farce, for instance, is greatly heightened, at the expense of interpretive accuracy, by playing down the factor of *interests* behind the continual shifting of principles and ideals. Suppose, for example, you were to give a general picture summarizing, through the course of American history, the continual shifting back and forth between state's rights and federalism. You would find the same group on one side of the issue one day and on the other side the next. Then suppose that, for purposes of farce, you simply made a composite picture of all such shifting. By simply playing up the verbal and logical contradictions, and playing down the consistent pressure of the interests behind them, you might put on a good show that entertained by making people look extremely irrational. But your result at this point would be more valuable as entertainment than as diagnosis.

When reading Arnold's composite picture of such endless shifting, and hearing him explain it by stressing it as a purely ritualistic act, you make a paradoxical discovery. You find that a man who continually refers such antics to the pressure of interests, no matter how mean these interests may be, would actually enable you to receive a much less desolating picture of human motives than the one Arnold paints. For you at least have a process essentially rational, however complicated it may become as the result of other factors. But Arnold's version of human motivation, by attributing mainly to ritual the cause of men's "inconsistent, irrational, and illogical" shifts in thinking, makes even downright hypocrisy on the part of our reactionaries seem an almost wholesome motive, by comparison.

Arnold justifies his farce on ritual in an appealing way, I must admit. He contends that history, being a dramatic process, must be approached as drama. And since ritual is an aspect of drama, we seem to get from such a view a justifiable ground for playing up the ritualistic and playing down the factor of interests in his picture of the human drama. The deception here arises, I think, from the fact that Arnold does not base his dramatic metaphor upon a preparatory analysis of drama itself. A couple of passing references to hero and villain in melodrama, with passing references to the dramatic nature of trial by combat in the law court, are the nearest he comes to explicit dramatic criticism, as a basis for the remarks about drama and ritual that flicker about the edge of his book throughout. As it is, you get here a glancing reference to art without an explicit study and philosophy of art.

The dramatist is not only a ritualist. Or rather, ritual itself is not merely a lot of passes in the air. The dramatic ritual *materializes,* and does so by reference to an addience's interests. Arnold is apparently a rationalist who has simply kicked over the traces, getting a flat irrationalist antithesis. His version of drama is simply legal principle in reverse. In going from the *ideals* of law to drama, he got farce (*i.e.,* legal ideals turned upside down). Had he begun with drama, I think that both the uses and misuses of law could have fallen into place, with more definite relation to the rational pressure of interests.

Toward the end of the book there is a noticeable chastening, as Arnold begins to feel the necessity for a more positive statement. So, what in his earlier work he had made ludicrous as principles, and in the earlier portion

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of this one is taken for a ride as abstract ideals, is subsequently restored to good favor, by an apparently unconscious subterfuge, in the name of propositions and a philosophy. Thus, to keep his universal corrosive from corroding everything, he must cheat a bit. So he resorts to a little contraband, as he begins to discern the fact that not only do organizations play their part in twisting ideals, but also that ideals play their part in guiding the rise of new organizations. But they are brought back, not as ideals, since that would spoil the symmetry of his book (he had already made perfect hash of ideals). So he brings them back in the name of propositions, thereby saving face.

All told, there are several counter-movements going on at once in this book, as is probably inevitable in an investigation of this sort at this time. And Arnold's great respect for administrative tribunals in contrast with courts very well might, if carried out, tend to perfect and regularize an N.R.A. economic structure that perpetuated the present privileged status of business leaders rather than deposing them. On this point, however, the book is vague, since there is also a general tendency favoring the increase of political government's activity, which would probably entail a corresponding atrophy of private, business government. Such elements in the book are as uncertain as they are in the contemporary scene itself. In short, the vacillations in the book reflect the present economic conflicts, so that *The Folklore of Capitalism* is more valuable in picturing for disintegrative purposes the breach between capitalism's slogans and capitalism's realities than in developing a positive program. But the main reason why I think it should be read is for its shrewd comments on the practices of both our business leaders and their ideological priesthood. The book is certainly not to be considered an alternative to Marxism, as many reviewers have proposed; but if read by readers who will discount it from the angle of a Marxist critique, it is very serviceable indeed.

KENNETH BURKE.

Hour of Decision for the South

THE WASTED LAND, *by Gerald W. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press.* $1.50.

MR. JOHNSON, an editorial writer for the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and formerly professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina, is gravely concerned with the immediate future of the South, and specifically the southeastern section. Thirty million acres of farm land have been virtually destroyed by erosion, while sixty-seven million more have been ruined by overcropping and leaching. This destruction is all the more lamentable in that it has not been necessary or inevitable; it has been induced not by some natural catastrophe beyond the power of man to halt, but by negligence and ignorance.

Ruth Gikow

Even more disastrous than the waste of natural resources has been the waste of human beings. Many of the ambitious residents have emigrated to the North, seeking and finding better conditions. "The irony of the situation," writes Mr. Johnson, "is that these people sought opportunity—and evidently found it, since they have stayed away—by leaving the region of the country richest in natural wealth and going into poorer regions." Despite its prodigality, the Southeast possesses enormous reserves of natural wealth. Nevertheless, the typical southerner is a poor man burdened with a large flock of children and hampered by lack of capital or remunerative employment.

Mr. Johnson foresees the imminent collapse of the cotton economy insofar as it applies to the Southeast. Foreign nations are becoming increasingly self-sufficient and satisfactory substitutes for cotton fiber are emerging from the laboratory . Moreover, the Southwest with its more level areas and adaptable soil is gradually dominating the market. The mechanical picker, no longer a theory but a fact, will complete the havoc by dispossessing thousands who have known nothing but cotton all their lives.

Well, what is the answer? Mr. Johnson puts forth a number of tentative suggestions. One is diversified farming, so that such inconsistencies as Florida importing milk from Ohio may be eliminated. Another is the establishment of a number of small industrial plants to serve certain immediate and regional needs. A central directing authority is indispensable to any campaign of regeneration. If conservative citizens shudder at the name Regional Planning Board, fearing the infiltration of Marxism, any other designation will serve as well. "Call it the Young Men's Heathen Association or the Bombay Bicycle Club; it will operate as well under one name as another." All this involves technical and intellectual proficiency the present South does not own; there is need of a new army of invasion composed of civil engineers, foresters, agronomists, biologists, soil chemists, and other specialists.

The difficulties facing such a program are not minimized. Southerners are traditionally suspicious of social experimentation, particularly if it emanates from the North. The desire for survival, however, is one of the strongest of human impulses; if the apparition of impending doom can be vivified in all its frightfulness before the eyes of those who are imperiled, barnacled prejudices will soon go by the board. "There is no reason to doubt," says Mr. Johnson, "that . . . power of survival is still in possession of the people of the Southeast. What is necessary, therefore, is not to endow them with the power of adaptation, but to persuade them to use it by pointing out the alternative to which the existing polity of the regions is leading."

This is a large order, which our author does not deny. He leans heavily—and admittedly—upon Howard W. Odum's *Southern Regions of the United States,* though not a few deductions are Mr. Johnson's own. On the negative side, the reasoning is precise and clear throughout, but when remedial action is discussed, a retreat into the semi-ambiguous generalizations so dear to the hearts of newspaper editorial writers is at times noticeable. There is too little stressing of the fact that there is a wheel within the wheel of southern agriculture, and what immediately assists the planter—the A.A.A. usufructs might be cited—often penalizes the tenant. It is true that all are ultimately going to hell in the same basket, but the tenant or sharecropper is taking the hardest bumps on the way. There would seem to be a measure of naïveté or local patriotism in the following declaration: "The industrial tenement is almost unknown in this region. For every one in existence there are probably a dozen communities, inhabited by industrial workers which, as far as fresh air, sunlight, grass, and trees are concerned, are almost ideal."

But the space is small and the scope of discussion vast. All in all, a miracle of condensation and inclusiveness has been achieved.

JACK CONROY.

Psychological Murder

ANOTHER OPHELIA, *by Edwin Lanham. Longmans, Green & Co.* $2.

IN *Another Ophelia,* Edwin Lanham has written a study of psychic mutilation which is certainly one of the most disturbing—and one of the most disappointing—in recent fiction. The title suggests the tone of the book; Julie Bogart, his modern Ophelia, might have spoken those tragic words of her prototype, "Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be." All the virtue of Mr. Lanham's novel is in the terrifying, compassionate study of Julie.

The book opens in 1937 and gives in retrospect the action seventeen years before, which determined Julie's fate. Julie suffered an experience which is unfortunately one of the commonplaces of American criminality—a girl of twenty, she was doped and sexually at-

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tacked. She gradually but only partially recovered from this experience and at her change of life again, for a moment, reëxperienced it in invading horror. This is the core of the book, and in focusing pity and indignation around Julie there is no question of the book's effectiveness. What may be called into question—as in the case of much American writing—is the "point" of the pity and indignation aroused.

It seems to me that anything so indubitably tragic as the psychic murder of a young girl deserves to be presented in other than a sensational frame, and *Another Ophelia* errs definitely on the side of sensationalism. It is not enough for the reader—unless it is the critically dulled reader of the Faulkner "horror" school—just to see what happens to Julie or to see the agony of her parents. What is demanded is understanding; without that Julie is betrayed, for after making her suffer, the author casts on her the gratuitous cruelty of his indifference. For sensationalism is a form of indifference.

The author is indifferent—in fact he is positively uninterested in George Calvert, the pseudonymous young man who attacks Julie (Julie, for purposes of the story, preserves her virginity). Calvert is never seen with any clearness; it is never known what makes him act as he does—whether as is true in many cases it is the end effect of venereal infection or whether it is a psychic trouble of his own, whatever it may be no clue is given. This suspension of interest in the second most important character in the book is typical of sensationalism. The ethical point is also distorted by having Julie's father, Tol (Polonius), and her lover visit a brothel on the night Julie is attacked and in this way be analagously blameworthy with Calvert. But the indictment is false; it is not the father and lover who are to blame any more, possibly, than Calvert. By this indifference to underlying meaning, what could have been a strong ethical or social study becomes diluted to mere excitement, to suffering for its own sake.

Taking the book from another viewpoint, sensationalism also prevents Mr. Lanham from making clear to the reader what the pattern of Julie's illness is. The psychic wound is shown, but to attribute it to inherited insanity, from what can be seen of Julie, is a superficial way out. What was Julie's childhood, her life before she was attacked? What tendencies, what set configuration made the experience so overwhelming? A local doctor makes what seems an intelligent attempt in the direction of analysis, but Julie's father resents it and stops it. This, it seems to me, expresses only the author's indifference, not Tol's. Julie is shown desperately reaching out to life—she wants Dr. Fanseen to help her; she makes several blind and pitifully illusory attempts at sexual fulfillment. The author seems to see the struggle and again to be essentially indifferent to it.

Here then—with much to recommend it in intensity of emotions, in scope of perception—is a greatly disappointing novel. The writer

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could have done something important with his theme; he preferred to be equally safe from dispute and from meaning.

MILLEN BRAND.

Brief Reviews

PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC, 1936, *edited by W. L. Holland and Kate L. Mitchell. University of Chicago Press.* $5.

Problems of the Pacific, 1936 is the published record of the Sixth Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations, held at Yosemite, Cal., in August 1936. The I.P.R. conferences are always notable occasions; they bring together, somewhat too infrequently, the outstanding students of politics and economics in the Far East. A catholicity of viewpoint is obtained through the presence of persons identified with the policies of the various interested powers, especially China, Japan, Great Britain, France, the United States, and the U.S.S.R.

The volume under review is divided into three sections. Part I is a summary of the conference discussions. The conference program was divided into discussions on the United States, Japan, the U.S.S.R., China, and, finally, the changing balance of political forces in the Pacific and the possibilities of peaceful adjustment. An interesting conflict of opinion occurred between the Japanese delegation and the Soviet delegation (present at an I.P.R. conference for the first time). One Japanese had stressed the "menace of Communism to Japan," whereupon a Soviet delegate replied: "I was surprised to hear that this 'menace' seems to be, in his opinion, so great for Japan. If he is so much afraid of Communism, this can only mean one thing, namely, that he does not consider conditions in his own country very stable." There is much more of similar interchanges between the various delegations in the volume, which, to some extent, succeeds in giving a fair picture of national policies in relation to the interested powers.

Part II reprints six "documents" (or rather documentary studies) presented by various authorities on different phases of Pacific affairs. Perhaps the best and most important of these studies is that by William W. Lockwood, Jr., on "Trade and Trade Rivalry Between the United States and Japan." Another on "Recent Developments in the Chinese Communist Movement," by a member of the staff of the South Manchuria Railway Co., Reizo Otsuka, is a mess of misinterpretations and factual mistakes; the very first sentence places the foundation of the Chinese Communist Party in 1920 instead of 1921, setting the level of reliability for all the rest.

Part III of the book brings together some useful information about the delegates, papers read, and organization of the I.P.R. and its conferences.

T. D.

ARSENAL OF FACTS. *Prepared by Labor Research Association. International Publishers.* 25c.

The purpose of this pocket-size almanac is to arm the reader with facts he needs for quick use. It contains summarized information on government, labor, civil rights, Spain, the Soviet Union, etc. Trade unionists, speakers, writers, students, and others will find it extremely useful in their daily activity.

S. S.

DARK ISLANDS, *by John Vandercook. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.

The author of *Black Majesty* takes a trip to the Fiji Islands, New Guinea, and the Solomons. His travelogue combines the qualities of strangeness and the picturesque which made his story of Haiti a popular success some years ago. It is beautifully illustrated with photos of the natives going about their work-a-day life.

G. T.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

A Film Version of "The Dybbuk"

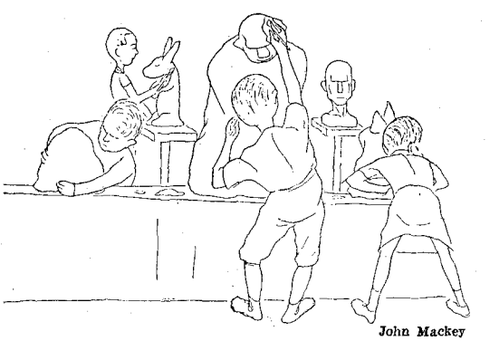
AN account of Jewish mysticism in the villages of Poland a century ago, the Yiddish screen version of S. Ansky's *Dybbuk,* now on display at the Continental Theatre, is itself deeply immersed in mysticism. As has often happened in films based on psychological problems or constructed around systems of thought, *The Dybbuk* in its internal structure is a neat application of the metaphysics of cabala which it set out to present; but its external structure, the realism of its account, fails to articulate nearly so well. The test of such a picture is its ability to clarify in the audience's terms the logic of the characters in their own terms—a test which *The Dybbuk* survives beautifully.

On casual inspection, the plot looks simple and melodramatic. Two friends pledge to betroth their children. The father of the girl violates his pledge out of greed and ignorance. The orphaned youth, cheated of the bride decreed for him by fate, dies while making a compact with the demon. His soul returns to inhabit the body of his beloved. A rabbinical ritual exorcises the dybbuk and balances the injustice. The dybbuk departs, but the girl dies.

As told in this film, the nimble application of cabalistic doctrine adds up to a perfect system of moral balances. It combines a curious fatalism in matters of life and death with an inspiring faith in ultimate justice and in the sacredness of compacts (of which the messianic pledge is the source). The *Song of Songs* was the literal slogan of Chasidism, and the love theme embodies the doctrine of the sensuosity of the soul. Chasidism was a system of ethics deduced from a flaming conviction that God and self are one. That Leah should die in precisely the place where Channon died is romantic in our eyes, but it is an instance of the cabalistic dogma of the divinity of place. (Chasidism is one of the principal ideological sources of modern Zionism.)

Cabala served two important functions in the pre-enlightenment period of Jewish thought: it diverted the current of Aristotelianism which had been set flowing by Maimonides; and it invigorated the talmudic formalism with which Judaism had become encrusted. The magic invoked by the Chasidim was intensity of faith, hypnotic ecstasy, and the Pythagorean-like mysteries in symbols. This tendency to discover hidden meanings in familiar symbols is typical of periods of decadence: number-worship came after the golden day of Greek mathematics, just as the phony machine-cult of the Left Bank is a late attempt to escape the logic of machines. For the Jewish masses in their ghettos, the fundamental appeal of cabala lay in its emphasis on the dignity of man; its expression of kinship between man and God overcame the deadliness of institutionalized feeling. Luther and Melanchthon borrowed extensively from cabala in their designs for Protestantism.

The character of the messenger (i.e., the Messiah) who appears and reappears by rather shoddy double-exposure is purely formal: he is neither good nor bad, kind nor cruel—he is the voice of fate. He is opposed to wealth because it is finite and terrestrial, therefore automatically evil. The dybbuk is the voice of justice triumphing over mere death. The Jewish masses living in a jungle of abuse needed strong draughts of this notion of ultimate justice. Charity was exalted as a form of atonement—the idea of atonement is itself a curious notion that the moral loss of the past can be recovered. The film indicates briefly the sharp class lines between the rich and the poor; with their own kinds of raiment, their own dances, their separate cultures. It was a Chasidic notion of justice also that the bride, daughter of wealth, should dance among the poor. The whole sequence of the marriage and the arrangements for it are satire: an allegory to intimate that such marriage is to true love as ritual is to cabala. The curtain is fatal to both lovers—yet a happy ending in the cabalistic sense: the lovers are united in infinite death, and the problems of the living are sweetened by the thought that justice has triumphed.



John Mackey

The acting is affected by two major forces, both tending to extreme understatement. First, stress is laid on the rational balance of moral values rather than on emotional and dramatic conviction. The actors behave as though they were summoned to witness a revelation. In the scenes in which Leah is invested with a dybbuk, the object is always to attune the vagrant demon with his rightful place in death, rather than to release the girl, the natural object of our sympathy, from his hold on her. Second, the acting is understated because the picture was made a few months ago in Warsaw. True theatricalism is an expression of a wholesome functioning culture. These performances wear a shadow of anemia—try to imagine a Jewish actor in Poland today playing the lusty Peter of the Soviet film!

Reverence of the original Russian and

Recently Recommended Movies

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Walt Disney's first full-length film makes delightful entertainment for children and adults alike.

The River. A government documentary on land erosion, with some thrilling sequences and a telling message.

Boy of the Streets. A more sincere and convincing film of the slums than any of its predecessors, it makes a plea for better housing as a means of obviating crime.

True Confession. Insane comedy mixed with brilliant satire that is at all times amusing.

Peter the First. A magnificent and gusty historical film of Russian life as it was when Peter "opened the window to Europe," superbly acted and directed. Easily ranks among the very best of historical pictures.

China Strikes Back. A vivid picture of the Chinese people's defense against the Japanese invasion with excellent shots of life in the Eighth Route Army and of its generals.

Heart of Spain. A documentary of medical aid to Spain, which has rightly been called "pictorial dynamite."

Recently Recommended Plays

One-Third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The Federal Theatre's new Living Newspaper successfuly dramatizes the case for low-cost housing, pointing its lesson with careful evidence and witty candor. One of the "musts" of the season.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's inspired staging of Dekker's uproarious farce, with its rich, bawdy humor and its gusto for a democratic, warless life. Put this on your "must" list. Alternates with *Julius Caesar.*

The Cradle Will Rock (Windsor, N. Y.). Marc Blitzstein's satiric operetta, a dynamic, pungent work which brings music to grips with reality.

The Good Soldier Schweik (Artef, N. Y.). A robust anti-war satire which provides hilarious entertainment and is enhanced by some of the finest acting to be met with in the theater today.

A Doll's House (Morosco, N. Y.). Ibsen's drama of frustrated womanhood in a charming revival.

Pins and Needles (Labor Stage, N. Y.). This I.L.G.W.U. production is the brightest, most sparkling revue in many a season. Social significance at its entertaining best.

Of Mice and Men (Music Box, N. Y.). John Steinbeck's warm novel of friendship between workers expertly dramatized and extremely well acted.

Julius Caesar (National, N. Y.). Orson Welles's production of the Shakespearean play in modern clothes and with an anti-fascist slant is one of the highlights of the current season.

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Yiddish stage texts has kept Director Waszynski from condensing this production. Certain scenes which were little gems of fantasy in Vakhtangov's production at the Habima Theater in Moscow (Bialik's Hebrew version) become pointless side-excursions on the screen. SIDNEY KAUFMAN.

MAE WEST'S new film for Paramount, *Every Day Is a Holiday,* is very sad, mostly because it is so bad and dull. It is a rehash of *She Done Him Wrong* et al, interspersed with some very bad jokes. The outstanding attraction at New York's Paramount Theater to this reviewer is not the Mae West film but Benny Goodman and his swing band on the stage. *Swing Your Lady* (Warner Bros.) has something to do with Hollywood hill-billies, a dumb wrestler who is engaged to go into the ring with a lady blacksmith (Louise Fazenda). There is a fairly amusing (in slapstick style) wrestling bout toward the end of the film, if you can wait that long.

Walter Wanger goes intellectual on us again in *I Met My Love* (United Artists), a terribly labored tale of adolescent love, the jilted sweetheart, and a bohemian marriage, all set in rural Vermont. The story is from the high-class pulp, *The Cosmopolitan,* and remains high-class pulp in film. There are, however, some very nice things about the movie. The cinematography and the lighting are executed with a great deal of skill and good taste. The directors, Arthur Ripley and Joshua Logan, have done some surprising things with small bits and certain details of characterization. And last, but not least, Alan Baxter is simply swell as a Vermontian Babbitt. P. E.

The Shuberts Try Again

NO matter what else you say about the Shuberts, you can't say they don't try. Nearly every week they turn up with something or other. Their contributions last week were a study of the lighter aspects of the English public school system and, in collaboration with Eddie Dowling, a production of Paul Vincent Carroll's Irish play about the futility of formal religious faith as opposed to the unreasoning belief of a sweetly simple peasant maid. The first play is called *Bachelor Born,* and can be found at the Morosco Theater. The other is *Shadow and Substance,* and is available at the Golden Theater.

The comedy is the least important and will be dealt with first. It describes the interruptions to the orderly life of little Britishers having character created, which occur when the headmaster of the school finds three lively young women boarding with him and the boys. It is a light-hearted piece, full of Beamishes, Eggs, Old Squirts, and similarly named characters. Unpleasant people are dubbed "smears," and "old top," "right-o," and the rest of the lexicon are represented to excess. However, it is

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not a severely irritating work and has its measure of laughs. Being very well acted by an English cast (for the most part), it might do for an offhand and unthinking theatrical visit.

Shadow and Substance is another thing. It is a play which demonstrates the idealist mind at work on the problem of the decay of authority and classicism in the Catholic Church, and what that does to the people. Some of its ardent admirers in the daily press insist it also reflects the world changing from æstheticism to what the author describes as a system of shoddy ethics.

That might be perceptible to admirers of the play, and perhaps it is significant that most of them get different inferential meanings from the distinctly unlucid writing and poorly constructed action. To say that Mr. Carroll is perceived to be aware in the overtones of his play of the changing forces in the world represents the critics as salving their consciences with the happy vagueness of liberal writing. For Mr. Carroll has described himself in print as a chauvinistic Irishman who is attempting to save Ireland from a conflict of Nordic and Latin cultures. He states further that he is a good Catholic, which one might have suspected from the dim outlines he has given the character of the radical schoolmaster of the town.

The dramatic structure which bears these ideas is somewhat as follows. An æsthetic snob of a Catholic canon is concerned for the mind of his housemaid, a glowing creature who has long conversations with Saint Brigid, who is visible to the housemaid in the draperies of the canon's study. He is an authoritarian, an aristocrat of the church. She is a simple person, well equipped with faith. A complicating factor is the maid's affection for the schoolmaster who is exposed in the play as the writer of a book attacking the church's management of the school system. The canon refers, publicly, to his parishioners as boobs and has no hope for the world. The schoolmaster is equally bitter, leaving in the end for Dublin, on the theory that that black town is a haven of free expression. The simple-minded maid has a crisis in her hallucinations and is accidentally killed by the mob of peasants who are stoning the schoolmaster. The death of the maid transforms, by a species of metaphysics unknown to me, the frigid canon into a person of warmth and understanding.

In his characterization of the schoolmaster, Mr. Carroll indicates the thoroughness of his ignorance of what radicalism is. I am not asking here that the schoolmaster need be a Communist, but he wouldn't even qualify as a Fabian Socialist. The character, although important, appears so infrequently that it seems Mr. Carroll cannot think of anything for him to say.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the canon, and he seems to take great delight in a great acting part. He had more pleasure of it than I did, seeming too full of mannerisms and too pleased with being a clerical s.o.b. to be really paying attention to his acting. Julie Hayden is the maid, and she is splendid. The rest of the cast seem fine actors all, but they are busying themselves in a highly unsatisfactory play.

JACK BURROWS.

Sid Gotcliffe

Nature's Architect

SOMEWHERE Frank Lloyd Wright has said that a building should be in love with its surroundings. In his current one-man show at the Museum of Modern Art, 14 West 49th St., N. Y., this distinguished American architect once again proves the value of his principle. For he has made "Fallingwater," the house built over a waterfall, as feasible as it is attractive.

To judge from the 22 photographs and drawings which comprise the exhibition, the dwelling half stands on the bank, half overhangs the stream. It actually seems to be an extension of the cliff. This is made possible through stone slabs which "carry" the parapet and support the long cement horizontals which cantilever out from it. There is much glass in the house itself, some steel, almost no wood. Thus the materials—as always with Wright—are used with imagination.

Perhaps the most startling feature of the house is the living-room, which directly overhangs the water. Cement steps descend from it to the stream, being hung by steel straps which pass through each one and reinforce it. Also notable is the use of glass in the walls and roof, which makes the room seem one with the outdoors. Never was nature more intimate. And this has been accomplished without freakishness, but rather as the logical fulfillment of the site and what it demanded. This summer dwelling once more demonstrates, therefore, the boldness and ingenuity of the man who, for fifty years, has termed himself Sullivan's pupil.

A good supplement to the exhibition is furnished by the January issue of the *Architectural Forum,* which is entirely devoted to Wright's work. Here one may see photographs of his famous prairie houses, his Larkin factory at Buffalo (an international influence for over thirty years), his school at Taliesin, Wis., his one skyscraper, and other constructions. In the pages containing written material, Wright, after explaining his purposes, attacks the so-called functionalist school of

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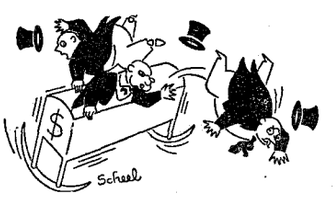
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architecture as arbitrary, formulized, dead. His rejection of it, he says, is paralleled by recent experience in the Soviet Union, where it has been dismissed for similar reasons.

Apparently the veteran architect has not forgotten his last summer's trip to Russia (where he was an official guest), for in his conclusion he states, "We need an architecture so rich in the life of today that just because of it life will be better worth living—even though a reeling capitalistic system fall flat of its own idiotic excesses." So, at seventy, nature's architect is still young enough to throw away the old society and move toward the new. He consciously builds for it.

JAY PETERSON.

Mainly Moussorgsky

THE new lists promise more than they deliver, and I can't do better than pay delayed honor to the Moussorgsky album issued by Gamut in December. I mentioned it briefly in this column over a month ago; with renewed hearing and study it emerges as one of the great phonographic contributions of the year. Moshe Rudinov (cantor at Temple Emanu-El and known in concert for his participation in performances of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and *Les Noces*) is not ranked among the outstanding singers of our day, but he brings a big voice and heart to Moussorgsky's songs, and they demand both. There are none of Rosing's histrionics here: Rudinov sings straight and well. And like the honest art of the soloist, those of Esther Elkin, accompanist, and the recording engineer are admirable not only in themselves but in their complete subordination to the music. In the *Ballade* Moussorgsky wrote one of the first and still one of the greatest anti-war documents in all art; the texts of his *Sunless* cycle distill the bitterest quintessence of pessimism, but the superb workmanship of his settings is the product of no art of negation alone. This is music of the depths—depths which no one save Dostoyevsky has plumbed.

The long-heralded *St. Matthew Passion,* recorded at an actual performance conducted by Koussevitzky in Boston last spring, and making a partial appearance in the first of a series of three album sets (Victor), is a bitter disappointment. It is sung in English and with an almost extraordinary lack of musical sensibility on the part of the soloists. The occasional abrupt breaks and extraneous noises inseparable from actual performance recording can easily be forgiven, but not the mutilation of the glorious solo arias and duos, a tragedy made even more poignant by the fact that the Boston Symphony Orchestra (its solo woodwinds in particular) plays superbly, and the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society do well with the choral parts.

Bach: If Volume 1 of the *St. Matthew Passion* above falls down, Musicraft at least lives up to its fine work in the past with the

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Beethoven: Toscanini's version of the *Pastorale,* played by the British Broadcasting Co. Symphony Orchestra of London, is not as exciting as some of his readings with the Philharmonic Symphony here, but definitely superior in quality to the recent N.B.C. broadcast performance (Victor). Simon Goldberg and Lili Krauss play as sensitively in a first set of Beethoven violin and piano sonatas (*Spring Sonata,* Op. 24 and *Kreutzer,* Op. 47) as they did in their memorable Parlophone Mozart series, but the music is on a distinctly lower level (Decca).

Brahms: Decca also offers a first recording of the Brahms clarinet and piano sonata No. 2 in E-flat, Op. 120, well played by Thurston and Foggin, and the solo version of the *Zigeunerlieder,* Op. 103, sung by Nancy Evans. Brahms made the transcription himself, but most people will agree that his first choice was the better when they hear the original version by the Madrigal Singers under Lehman Engel (Columbia).

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Joseph P. Kennedy. A talk by the chairman of the Maritime Commission, recently appointed ambassador to Great Britain, Fri., Feb. 4, 10:45 p.m., C.B.S.

"Der Rosenkavalier." Richard Strauss's opera broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House, with Lotte Lehman, Kirstin Thorborg, Emanuel List, Sat., Feb. 5, 1:55 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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Cordell Hull. The secretary of state discusses world trade. Sun., Feb. 6, 7 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

William Green. The A. F. of L. leader will speak on the University of Wisconsin Founders' Day program on "The Science of Labor Relations," Fri., Feb. 11, 10 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

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SALUD, FRIENDS! You remember me—Charlie Crawfut—the "horrible example" in last summer's ad, who could *not win-friends-and-influence-people* on his vacation because he'd never read New Masses? What a flop that trip was, and I was too, till somebody put me wise.

Before . . .

I was a junior executive in a bond house (or as I an advertising man?)—but worse, I as on the way to becoming the boss' favore yes-man, the "little brother" of his wife's ch friends, and a general all-round nobody. y summer, you remember, the fellows in the ffice had frozen me out completely, so I went off to a summer camp ALONE. But here I got the cold shoulder, too, especially from A Certain Girl I wanted to impress.

This got me, but while I was having what the Buchmanites call a "quiet time" with myself, trying to figure out what was wrong with ne, I happened to overhear it from the lips of The Girl herself. "Why should I spend my time," she snorted, "with a fellow who doesn't now what *anything* is about? Why doesn't ie read New Masses?"

. . And after

Ouch! This hurt. But it woke me up. I borrowed a copy of this wonderful magazine. began to ask everybody questions. I read New Masses every week. I subscribed.

Now, I answer my own questions and other people's too. I'm *in* with the gang at the office again, and believe me they *listen* when I speak. The boss, thank gawd, doesn't ask me to parties any more, but he certainly treats me with new respect during business hours.

And The Girl! Well, she's helping me write this letter.

Thanks MORE than a million

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From a Japanese Prison

By Kensaku Shimaki

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE FUBIYA

WITHIN the prison on the hilltop of this town where he had been brought not so long ago, Ota was awaiting the first midsummer of his sentence. It was early in July that he had been hurriedly brought here alone—for some reason known only to the authorities—from a prison in a city fronting the beauty of the Seto Inland Sea. It had been a small city, peaceful and quiet as if asleep, where both the heat and the cold had been always gentle to the flesh. Ota had changed from his yellowish-brown prison clothes into blue traveling garb and had been placed aboard a small ferry boat. After crossing the calm green of the Inland Sea that summer morning, he had been transferred to a train, and shaken for a half-day over the Tokai-do, bounced and rattled. It had been near the end of the day when he arrived at the recently built prison on a hilltop in the middle of a town neighboring a great metropolis.

When he was finally placed in his solitary cell after having been dragged about the enormous building, he had been unable to move for a while, so tiring had been the shock of his sudden contact with the outside world after such a long interval, and his wearisome train journey besides. For three days he had suffered from sleeplessness. One of the reasons for this, perhaps, was that his habitation had changed. However, it had been mostly because, both night and day, the cell wherein he was imprisoned seemed to sway and roll as if it were still his railway coach, and because his unexpected view of the landscape along the Tokai-do and the faces and the figures of the people he had seen in the train persistently danced before his eyes and refused to leave him. Even now he was unable to refrain from wetting his lips when he thought of the box lunch he had eaten in the train. He had been given the lunch upon reaching a small station a few moments after passing the city of S. Under the concentrated gaze of the other passengers he had devoured it ravenously.

A week later, however, all these impressions had sunk deep into his consciousness. The gray simplicity of his life had returned to him in all its actuality, and he had been able to experience once again a heart settled and sober, as he gazed at the confines of the cell into which he had been placed.

The window of his cell opened to the west. When Ota was finishing his noon meal, the sun began to pour its bright heat through the window. At two or three o'clock in the afternoon the rays struck fully the body of the man sitting in the exact middle of the cell, and gradually shifted, lengthening themselves out into harsh slashes of burning brightness. About the time the skies in the West began to burn red, the light threw its now weakened brilliance upon the other walls of the cell. The entire prison was built of red brick and concrete, and the heat burned itself into the bricks steadily all day, and was unleashed into the closeness of the cells during the night. It was not until dawn that the heat seemed to slacken—but it was no more than a feeling. There was no opening in the wall opposite the window, and no wind entered the cell through the steel bars.

Ota awoke, countless were the times, during the night. Each time he raised himself and applied his lips to the mouth of a small kettle, noisily swallowing the lukewarm water he had taken during the day out of his share of the water for washing. Immediately after drinking, however, the water oozed out of his pores and covered the surface of his skin with an oily perspiration. Near dawn, when he began to notice a slight drop in the temperature, his flesh would be rough beneath his touch and sanded with a fine saltiness.

It had been for only a short period that his hands and feet, shrunk with cold during the whole winter, swollen purple, frost-bitten until the flesh seemed split, had healed, leaving behind the stains of the winter. His skin had grown youthfully lustrous again with the reappearance of the thin film of oil. For the summer had soon come, and now sweat sores cankered his skin from his back to his chest down to his thighs, over his entire body. Constantly rubbed with a piece of cotton in order

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to clear it of its sweat, Ota's flaccid skin soon became inflamed and formed pus. It looked as if he were suffering from an unwholesome skin disease.

The temperature within the cell often passed beyond the hundred mark. At the same time, the excrement in a corner fermented and loosed its unpleasant odor. Mingled with the odor of stale sweat, the air was almost unbearable at times, and Ota would often stop the rapid play of his hands and wonder how many unfortunate wretches like himself were in the building with him, their bodies rotting in its staleness and stench. Sighing, he would look up at the sky. Framed by the small, steel-barred window, the sky was always overflowing with the flame-like rays of the white sun and glittering so brilliantly that his weakened eyes could hardly bear it.

After a month had passed in the prison's monotony, Ota began to find delight in the world of sounds. Cell 65—Ota's cell—was situated near the middle of a long corridor on the second floor. Perhaps because of the prison's box-like construction, all the noises arising in the building waved hollowly against its four walls, producing echoes a little eerie, and flowing slowly back, to vanish gradually. The swishing of the sandals worn by the men passing down the corridor, the low murmur of two or three prisoners surreptitiously whispering to each other, the creaking of a conveyance being shoved along somewhere, the subdued footfalls, and the clanking of the swords dangling at the waists of the guards—in all these sounds did Ota find untiring delight. In the quiet of the prison, the pell-mell disorder of these noises resolved itself into an orderly sequence, music-like and pleasant to the ears.

This world was a world where speech among the inmates was strongly forbidden. The world of sounds possessed subtle nuances and an unimaginable complexity, since the quiet was so extreme that the least sound became vested with curious rhythms and tone-colors.

Rain gutters ran along the eaves and down the corners of the building, and a flock of sparrows nested in the space between the gutters and the eaves. In spring, the eggs of these birds were hatched and a number of little fledglings appeared. They soon learned to fly, and in midsummer the flight of these sparrows was a lovely sight. At dawn when the skies began to gray and at sundown when the skies began to burn, this tremendous flock of birds would cluster in the full-leaved branches of the tree in front of the window and sing noisily. Time and again, the voices of these sparrows brought a feeling of warmth and consolation even to Ota's heart, sealed though it was by a severe harshness, unlaughing and guarding a will burning red in its depths. It was, perhaps, because their voices were associated with vague remembrances of his childhood.

There were times when some unfledged bird would blunder out of its nest and fall down into one of the rain pipes. Then the janitors would come and try to push the trapped bird out of the pipe with bamboo poles while the parent birds zoomed about crazily, uttering wild, distracted cries—a scene Ota could often see from his window. Though it was only for an instant, a scene of this sort helped him forget the harshness of his existence. Five years are long and slow to pass, but as long as I have this world of sounds, Ota often thought, I shall have no need to worry about an insanity to come.

But the thing that most touched his heart, the thing that consoled him most and gave him most strength, was the voices of men, the voices of his comrades. And these voices—the voices of his imprisoned comrades—he was always able to hear twice a day, in the morning and at night.

In the morning, the prison siren blasted out its hoarse reveille. Almost as soon as Ota had finished washing his face, the roll would be called. Facing the wall, bony knees together, as always his unforgettable humiliation sending its slight tremor down the entire length of his body, he would call out at the top of his lungs the number branded on his heart. It was merely a number called, but it was really more than that: it was an exit through which something unbearably suppressed, something crying for expression in his heart found fierce vent. But would it be possible for the people hearing his voice to feel the undertone of emotion in it?

Just when it was he did not know, but Ota suddenly realized that he was able to distinguish the singularities and moods of each voice and to identify the individual. It was 193—, and the solitary confinement cells of this prison, located near the Orient's largest industrial city, were filled with men convicted under the same charges as Ota. Because of his sharpened sensitivity, Ota then understood that almost every cell was occupied by a comrade convicted as one of his fellow conspirators. The voices of some of these prisoners were youthful and ringing clear, while those of the others were deeply melancholy. It was possible to tell by the voices where their owners were and what they were doing. There were times when the familiar voice of a comrade would disappear. When the same voice was heard again two or three days later, coming unchanged from, say, a corner somewhere on the third floor, Ota was unable to repress the smile that sprang to his lips. However, there were also voices that disappeared, never to be heard again. Ota often wondered where their owners went.

Morning and night, twice a day, the pulsating emotions unloosed in the voices of the comrades roused the spirit lying dormant in the corners of the box-like prison to ripple throughout the building wave on wave until the emotions became one.

BEFORE long the days began to take on a tinge of warm yellowishness, and red dragonflies frequently slid down the beams of sunlight streaking through the steel bars, to dart and shimmer about in the cell, impressing upon Ota the imminence of fall. On the afternoon of one of these days, Ota was gathering the envelopes he had made into bundles of a hundred each. He had still a bit more to go to reach his daily output of three thousand. While his hands moved rapidly and skillfully at his work, with the brilliant impact of the post-summer sun full upon his entire body, he suddenly experienced a tickling sensation in the right side of his breast and at the same time felt a soft lump shoot up from the pit of his stomach. He raised his body. The soft lump began to zoom around crazily in

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his breast, then spurted forcefully up through his throat, leaped out of his mouth onto the piled-up stacks of bundled envelopes, and propelled by its curious momentum, plopped down.

It was blood.

The large lump of blood dropped cleanly onto the middle of the top envelope, and a spray of light mist stained the air. He had had no need to cough. The soft fullness had merely found an exit and had slipped out. It had been extremely natural. But the next moment a violent fit of coughing seized him in its choking grasp, wracking his throat, blinding his eyes. Unconsciously and quickly he snatched up his wash basin and buried his face in it. The coughing continued, unrelaxed and hard, rapid, tortuous. Each cough brought a liquid lump of blood, coughed out in strangled spats, shot out of his mouth, bashed into his basin. Streams of blood clotted his nostrils and hampered his breathing, intensifying the wild fit.

A little later, when he raised his face from the basin and stared stupidly into it, the blood had covered the whole of the basin's bottom. Tiny bubbles formed and burst unceasingly on the surface of the blood. Ota stared curiously at the thick liquid, flowing in the secure warmth of his body a few moments ago. He was aware that he himself was quite calm, but his heart was pounding as if it would burst. His face, he thought, must be sheet white. Quietly rising, he pulled the cord to summon one of the jailers, then laid himself gently on the bed, rolling over on his back.

Footsteps came down the corridor and stopped before Ota's cell. The signal was replaced, and two eyes gleamed through the peep hole in the door.

"Well, what do you want?"

Ota did not reply.

"Hey, what do you want?"

The guard could not see the inside of the cell clearly, perhaps because of the light. He knocked several times on the door. Ota heard him muttering impatiently. A key grated in the lock, and the guard entered.

"Well, what do you want? Hey! Come on!"

Ota silently pointed to the basin. The other gazed into it for a minute, startled. Then he jerked out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth. Without a word, he went out and locked the door behind him. Ota heard his footsteps hurrying down the corridor.

A little later, the doctor came and examined him briefly.

"Do you think you can walk?" he said.

Ota nodded. The doctor stood up and left the cell, beckoning him to follow. On leaving the cell, Ota glanced at the basin. The blood was already clotting blackly in the white heat of the summer sun, and the smell of the stale blood flickered around his nostrils.

When he stepped outside, his sight darkened dizzily, and he almost collapsed. The red soil was burning, and its heat pierced the thin grass sandals against the soles of his feet. It was a long way to the sick ward. He passed between a number of identical buildings, cut through a spacious yard, entered another dark building, and passed out of it. As soon as he reached the sick ward, a bag of ice was placed on his chest and he was given strict orders to lie only on his back.

For seven days and nights Ota slept fitfully, continuing to cough up stale blood. He did not even try to think of the misfortune that had so suddenly befallen him. Perhaps it was still too close; it bewildered him, giving him no chance to focus his stupefied mind upon it. Far back in his consciousness, however, floated a foreboding of the wretched thoughts that would come with the return of clarity.

After seven days of nothing but rice gruel and pickled plums, Ota was able to raise himself and feel his body with his hands. Seven days, he thought. He was as lean as one who had been ill for a year. Rubbing the untidy stubble on his jaw, he experienced a strong desire to see his face. He managed to raise himself up to the window, but he could see only the reflection of the light. After a while he slid quietly off the bed and managed for the first time in seven days to use the ordinary toilet. It was in the clouded water of the bowl that he was finally able to see the reflection of his thin face.

On the eighth day an orderly came and carried away some of Ota's phlegm. Two days later, the door of his room opened noisily soon after he had finished his supper, and he was ordered to leave the room and take with him all his belongings. Since practically nobody had ever left his cell after supper was over, Ota looked uncertainly into the orderly's face.

"You're moving out—hurry up!" he said curtly and began to walk away. Quickly Ota picked up his belongings and followed, trying to steady his trembling legs.

The section of the prison he was led to, how dismal and lugubriously quiet it was! The entire prison was extremely quiet, but the quiet of this section was such that Ota wondered at the existence of such a forsaken place. It is true, he thought, that the interior of a prison is endless and endless, and that unexpected things are to be found in unexpected places. Now that he was himself here, he realized how truly a prison had been likened to a labyrinth of horrors. Since the autumn days were short, a gray mist was floating into the dimness of the corridor. The building was long and narrow and composed of two wings, north and south, with a corridor available to both sections stretching along its side. The walls on the outside were painted a strange white, giving the building an unearthly appearance. Ota was placed in a cell at the very end of the southern wing. Feeling that he must ask something about the place, he hurried to the locked door, but the sound of the guard's footsteps was already fading.

The interior of the cell was clean and neat. A wooden bed was placed to the right of the door. In one of the corners near the bed was the toilet. It was water-flushed. To test it, Ota turned the lever. The water gushed out forcefully and was sucked down a little later. The window was extremely large, and he could see outside from where he sat on the bed. It was almost three years that Ota had been imprisoned, and during that time he had changed cells many times, but never had he been placed in such a clean, well equipped one. But instead of making him happy, his good fortune dismayed him. Where have I been

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brought to, Ota could not help thinking, what is this place?

It was very quiet all around. Were there no inmates in the other cells? Not a sound came from them. More than thirty minutes had passed since the guard had left him, but not even the footsteps of a patrol could be heard. The absence of a thing always present, Ota found, tended to result not in a feeling of liberty, but rather in uneasiness.

Ota rose from the bed and returned to the door. Forlorn, lonely, the core of his soul drained of all hope, he was unable to remain still. A pane of glass covered the opening in the door, and he could see the haze of the twilight crawling coldly over the surface of the yard.

Suddenly he was startled by signs of a human presence. The cell three doors away from his was a spacious one. Since more than half of it jutted into the corridor and its door window was very large, Ota was able to see part of its interior. By the dim light hanging from the high ceiling of the corridor, he made out a large man leaning against the window. The man was staring fixedly at him. Ota noticed that his face was horribly flat and twisted. The mere sight of him was enough to incite in Ota a feeling of cold antagonism, but he suppressed it and spoke.

"Good evening."

Without acknowledging the greeting by even a sign, the man let a moment pass, then spoke abruptly.

"What are you?' he said, *"in* or *out?"*

Ota did not understand.

The man spoke again. "You're here because you're sick, aren't you? Well, what is it?"

"Oh, I see. I think it's my lungs."

"Oh, tuberculosis."

The word was spat out—literally, for Ota heard him spit the next moment.

"Are you ill, too? What is it? And how long have you been here?" Aware of the other's disdain, aware, too, of the blandishment in his own voice, Ota nevertheless spoke eagerly.

"Me? I've been here five years."

"Five years?"

"Yeah, once you're here you don't go out unless you're ashes."

"You're ill, too, aren't you? What's your illness?"

The man did not reply. He turned his face and seemed to be talking with his cellmates. When he faced Ota again the latter noticed that his left sleeve was dangling loosely, apparently empty.

"What, mine?"

"Yes."

"Well, mine's—*le-pro-sy.*"

"What is it?"

"Leprosy!" the man shouted hoarsely, and disappeared, snickering gleefully as if to say, well, what do you think of that? Surprised, eh? And as if in answer to this ugly snicker, other voices burst out laughing and filling the lepers' cell. The laughter died away, but lively voices succeeded it. Shot with misery, Ota returned to his bed. His forehead and back were clammy with sweat. He placed his hand under his armpit. It was burning. He began to walk up and down the cell, but then he stopped, rinsed his towel in lukewarm water, and threw himself on his bed, placing the wet towel on his forehead. Until dawn of the next day he slept, fitfully dreaming. . . .

IN two weeks the red flecks in the phlegm that Ota ceaselessly spat out gradually thinned into a black-brown, until finally no color appeared, and Ota was able to go out for a little exercise in good weather. It was then that he began to grasp the entire significance of the new world into which they had brought him. He was able to understand the meaning of the words flung at him on the first day by the man in the common cell: *"in* or *out?"* Of the two wings composing this isolated sick ward, the north wing harbored tuberculars and the south, lepers. Ota was the only tubercular lodged in the lepers' ward, and he was placed alone in a cell located in the extreme east of the south wing.

This was a forgotten world, an isolated part of a prison that was itself set apart from all society. The convict brought here was looked upon with exceptional regard and received exceptional treatment. The patrol appeared but rarely, though he should have shown up every ten minutes or so. When he did, it was only to throw a careless glance from the entrance before hurrying away immediately. The sixty-year-old guard spent the greater part of his time basking his wobbly frame in the sun. It is not difficult to imagine how many breaches of prison rules occurred in the cells. But this extreme looseness of supervision was no humane leniency on the part of the authorities toward sick persons. The officers' words and actions showed that it was simply neglect inspired by contempt and hatred.

When the cord was pulled to summon the guard, it was a half-hour—and sometimes an hour—before he appeared, only to stand a few yards away from the cell and ask what was wanted. A request was never fulfilled until it had been made several times, though the guard went away each time nodding agreement.

There was the time when Ota asked the chaplain to lend him some books. Two or three Buddhist books, so tattered that they were almost illegible, were the only reading matter in his cell. When the chaplain had gone, after listening carefully to the request and promising to grant it, Number 30 approached Ota. Number 30 was in the corridor at the time doing the janitor's neglected work.

"Did you ask the chaplain for something?" he asked.

"Oh, merely for some books," Ota replied.

Number 30 snorted. "It's no use, Ota. Once a year they bring you some tattered books nobody else can read, but they haven't any besides those to give to a tubercular. In the first place, what can you ever get by asking the chaplain? You're a Communist, aren't you? If you've got to ask somebody, ask the warden. The warden. When the warden comes around, ask him. That's the surest way."

Number 30 was right: the books never came. When the chaplain came again, he pretended to have forgotten all about it. When Ota reminded him, he rubbed his green jaw carelessly and said, "Oh, yes. But, you see, I alone can't give you these books. So, well, I'm sorry, really, but. . . ."

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Without a book to read, and with nothing to do, the sick convicts remained stupidly in their dark cells, blundering about on the verge of insanity.

The contempt of the healthy convicts toward the ill was an exaggeration of the officers' attitude. The janitor always found some pretext to keep away from the sick ward. His work had to be done by one of the comparatively healthy patients. Not once had the invalids been given a decent change of clothing, though they repeatedly asked for it. From prison garbs to towels, they got nothing but what couldn't be used elsewhere, and the patients were forced to walk around in old prison garbs, torn at the sleeves and ripped up the back. This discrimination was apparent even in their meals. Their pots were only half filled with soup, and there was not enough rice. It is a mistake to think that the ill never eat much. It is only that their appetites are very irregular. Sometimes they eat enormously, and sometimes not at all. Once one of the tuberculars had seized the handyman and complained of the food, but he had been answered by a crack on the skull with a ladle, and a bellow, *"What? For sleeping and doing nothing?"* The tubercular had had to remain in bed three days because of his wounded head; from that time, he only muttered to himself and never raised his voice again.

In wordless contempt, listening absent mindedly to the prisoners' requests, at times snorting derisively, the guard and the handyman would often look at each other and snicker in order to irritate the sick convicts' sharpened nerves. It was possible, however, to endure being despised and held in contempt. To be scorned was to be noticed, at least. But to become of no interest to others, to be forgotten like a stone by the roadside—that is not easily to be endured.

Every once in a while the prison paper was distributed among the patients. The paper contained news of various sorts: a radio has been installed in the prison for the sake of the convicts; the library is going to be enlarged; a movie will be shown, etc., etc. But such news had nothing to do with the convicts in the sick ward. It is the business of the sick to be confined, it was said; though they were criminals, they had nothing to do but sleep and absorb expensive medicines; how fortunate they were!

When a week passed without any mishaps, sugared dumplings were distributed to the prisoners, but somehow they were never passed out to the invalids. Once, when both the cook and the guard asserted that they had forgotten, a moody young man finally exploded. "Forgot!" he shouted. "Well, I'll make you remember!" Though he had been bedridden for the past two months in common cell 3, the young tubercular suddenly jumped up. Disregarding his surprised cellmates, he clenched his thin fists and began to break the window-panes. The fragments of glass flew away, raising a terrible din. Fearing the consequences of his violence, his cellmates tried to stop him, but he flung them off and continued to storm about as if insane until the guard and the handyman finally succeeded in pinning him down. Sharp fragments of glass sticking in his blood-stained fists, his hands corded behind him so tightly that his veins swelled, the young man was led away and did not return for three days. He did not escape punishment on account of being an invalid, though his punishment was a bit lighter. Returning, shaken and pale, he collapsed by his bedside as soon as he entered the cell. Always a silent man, he became more so and spent his days staring fixedly at the faces of his cellmates with a weak but stern look, until he died immediately after the cold set in.

As has been said before, Ota was the only tubercular housed with the lepers. Half from awe and half from curiosity, he began to watch the lives of these invalids. The moment they were let out for exercise, the four lepers in the common cell straggled out into the sunniest spots of the spacious yard. It was then that Ota was able to see their features clearly. Walking sluggishly in their faded garbs, at times breaking suddenly into a mincing run, bursting out into strained snickers as if something funny had just occurred to them, they were, in the heat of the late summer, an appalling sight. Of the four, two were still quite young, one was middle aged, and the other was past fifty. The two younger lepers possessed unnaturally brilliant complexions, and large, red sores bruised their cheeks and napes. They squinted as if dazzled when looking at anyone's face, and Ota could see that the blacks of their eyes were shifting off towards one side. Neither was more than twenty, surely, and probably their disease had appeared during boyhood. Not very conscious of the horror of their disease, they appeared to look but lightly upon life, and the sight of these two laughing joyfully with each other inevitably increased the pity of the onlooker.

The middle aged man was enormously large boned, a bull-like head with no eyebrows pushed into the top of his broad, thick torso. His large, popping eyes were like the eyes of a rotting fish, and streaks of red crossed the whites of his eyes vertically and horizontally. Though his body was well built, he had but one arm, and the bone of that arm was so twisted by disease that he could not even hold his chopsticks correctly. There were times when he would suddenly begin grunting and rise to his feet. Naked and shouting, swinging his arm, swinging his legs, he would begin to exercise. His appetite was enormous, and he never failed to clean up the remains of his cellmates' meals. From autumn until the end of winter, he would snatch his cellmates' food, so that another cause for suffering was added to the grievances of the other three when the first autumn breezes began to blow.

Every so often the man would ask the others which they would choose if the chance were offered to them—to eat the finest of delicacies or to sleep with a woman for a night. The old man would merely grin and would not reply, but one of the young men would consider the question seriously and reply after a few moments' thought, "Of course, I'd prefer the food." When the other youth assented, "Me, too," the man would suddenly bellow in a voice like a cracked bell, "What, you'd rather have the food! Why, you big liars! You can eat, see, three times a day, and sometimes get something special, but not so with women. You guys can talk about food, yeah, when you go around playing with your goddamit every night." Then he would sigh,

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"Geeze, I want a woman," and, in spite of the others' laughter, continue to mutter beneath his breath.

The last of the four, the old man, was ordinarily very quiet. His face was wrinkled and dry, his eyes bleary, with tears constantly trickling down from them. The flesh on his toes was completely withered, so that his sandals had to be tied to his feet. His feet were probably nerveless, and the times he walked into the cell in muddy sandals were many. The scars of burns he had received in his youth while drowsing near the sunken fireplace of a farmer's house could still be seen, and the five toes of both feet were joined together.

He was twenty when his disease first broke out. After spending the greater part of his life in various prisons, the old man seemed entirely resigned to his fate. He spoke little, but looked as if he were grinning all the time. At times, however, something would generate an explosion in him, and his wrath would always direct itself upon his middle aged cellmate; then the two would wrangle away for hours.

These four men were all together three cells away from Ota, and he had thought at first that the next cell was empty, because it was so quiet. There was a prisoner in it, however. While passing by one day on his way to the yard for his exercise, Ota happened to glance in. When it was bright outdoors, it was difficult to discern anything in the dark cell. Ota edged very near to the door and was startled to see a pair of eyes shining from a closely cropped head and gazing steadily at him from the bed.

When Ota returned from his exercise the next day, the man was standing at his door and greeted him with a polite bow as he passed. It was then that Ota saw his face fully. He seemed to be still in his twenties. For the first time Ota saw distinctly the lion's face that, according to some book he had read, was characteristic of this disease. The man's eyes, his nose, his mouth, the features of his entire face were extremely enlarged and flattened, and his face did not seem to be the face of a man. Moreover, his eyelids were half turned out, and the color of the red flesh underneath could be seen plainly.

As soon as Ota entered his cell, he heard a tap on the wall, and a little later the man spoke to him, standing at his own door.

"Mr. Ota, Mr. Ota." He had probably overheard the guard mouthing Ota's name. "Would it trouble you very much if I spoke to you? I've been hesitating to do so until now for fear it would."

If it is true that a man's character can be perceived to a certain extent in the quality of his voice, then this man was an excellent person. His courtesy, though far out of keeping with this ungracious world, was natural and unaffected.

"No, no, not at all. It'll help me get over my boredom." Ota spoke cordially in order to put the other at his ease.

"You must have been surprised when you first came here. You're a political offender, aren't you, a Communist?"

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"Oh, one can tell. Even though you're wearing a red prison garb, one can tell. When I first came here, there was quite a stir over you people, and besides it's the rule here that all tuberculars be placed in the other wing. Any tubercular put in this wing is sure to be a thought-offender. It's to prevent any contact with the others. You see, even the bigger authorities are aware of the laxness of the prison discipline. Did you know Kobayashi of the Guillotine Group? He was in your cell till about two years ago."

Ota knew the name, and it solved the puzzle of the fragment of the *Internationale* scratched with a broken nail on the back leaves of the tattered books in his cell.

"Oh, so Kobayashi was here, and what happened to him?"

"He died. Don't feel badly, but it was in your cell. You see, no one came for him. He died pounding his bed with a medicine bottle, singing the *Internationale*."

Ota's heart darkened for a moment as he thought of Kobayashi's dismal end. He felt that it was cruel to ask about his fellow convict's illness, that it was like the gouging of a painful sore, but since the man had found someone upon whom to unburden his woes, perhaps he would be able to console himself by talking; so Ota asked, "And you . . . when did you come here? When did you become ill?"

"I've been here three years now. I was a joiner in a cabinet factory until I became sick. My fingers and my toes began to lose their sense of feeling, and after that the disease seemed to sweep over me. I suppose it was already pretty bad before I became aware of it, but I didn't know until someone pointed out to me that the flesh at the root of my thumb—on my palm, that is—was drying up. I was twenty then. My face was far different, too, from the picture of myself as a child. I used to be such a cute little thing."

"There is such a thing as an erroneous diagnosis. Have you been examined carefully?"

"Yes, I had hopes that the diagnosis might be wrong when only my sense of feeling was lost, and even when my face began to swell. But it's no use now. Now . . . Mr. Ota, you've seen, haven't you. . . . ? Of course you have, and you must have been shocked—my eyes, my eyes are turning out, the way children's do when they make eyes at each other. Since then I've had no use for futile hopes. It's horrible, isn't it, this disease? The body actually rots away on you while you're still living. There seem to be two types. With some the flesh dries up and withers like the old man's in the common cell. Mine is the rotting type, I think. Nothing else is wrong with my body. My bowels are better than ever, and I can eat twice as much as the average man. I'm a hog, really a hog. I may have been fated for this, but. . . ."

Spoken as if under the pressure of some necessity until now, the words suddenly stopped. He seemed to be crying. Unable to utter the words of consolation on his lips, Ota stood where he was, feeling his heart rioting with an inexpressible perplexity. At that moment, footsteps sounded in the corridor and stopped before the leper's cell. The door was opened, and a voice said, "Visitor."

The leper went out. Ota wondered where the meeting would be held. Observing carefully, he found that there was no reception room in the sick ward. The

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meeting was held in a secluded corner of the yard. The visitor was an old woman, bent at the waist, leaning on a cane. Throwing their shadows on the weakly sunlit ground, the pair stood facing each other. The old woman was wiping her eyes with a handkerchief and seemed to be repeating something over and over. Fifteen minutes passed, and the guard looked at his watch. He separated the two and led the old woman away. Ota's friend stood gazing at the departing woman, but he returned to his cell as soon as the guard beckoned him.

"Mr. Ota, Mr. Ota," he called falteringly when he was once more in his cell. "That was my grandmother. She always tells me to go back to her alive, even though my body is rotting away. I'll be waiting till then, she tells me, I'll die with you when the time comes, so please don't do anything rash. And she repeats this over and over and over again."

He raised his voice and began to cry. During the sporadic conversation that followed, Ota discovered that the man's name was Genkichi Murai, that his crime was attempted murder, and that his sentence was five years.

"What was the incident about?" Ota asked hestitatingly.

"Oh, it was only about a worthless woman and ended in blood," was all that Murai would say, and he did not go into the history of the incident. "Mr. Ota, I want to—I *want* to resign myself to my fate, but I can't. I'm hardly twenty-five yet. I've done absolutely nothing. I've had nothing, nothing. When I get out, I used to think, when I get out—but now. . . . Oh, I'm going to do as my grandmother wants me to. And when I get out, I'm going to do everything I want to do, raise hell for three or four days, and then throw myself under a street car or something and die. I'm not lying. I'm going to do it. I really mean it. I'm going to do it!"

Truly it must have come from the bottom of his heart. Something in his tearful voice began to push against Ota's heart. He felt cold, and he remained silently standing in front of his door.

THE winter passed, and a new year came. Spring, and then again it was summer. In the tuberculosis section of the sick ward, the invalids began to grow worse and worse. When one failed to appear during the exercise period and remained lying on his cot, the orderly could be seen entering the cell, carrying a pair of chopsticks dipped in liquid rice jelly with a knot of the jelly twisted around the ends. Seeing this, the other patients would sigh, "Ah, he too is licking jelly now, but it won't be for long."

In the dead of night, during the worst part of the season when one could hardly breathe because of the staleness of the hot cell air, a piercing voice would suddenly call the attendants. Then white-robed men would hurry down the corridor to the patient's cell. Near dawn on such a night there was sure to be a death. Whenever one of two men very seriously ill died, the other was sure to follow him soon. A prison death is not pleasant to the ears, and it was the custom of the prison officials to dispatch a telegram to the dying man's relatives. But perhaps in only one of ten cases did anyone come to take over the prisoner. Even if the prisoner was taken away, he usually died in the automobile carrying him from the prison.

The bodies of those dying in the prison were treated like so much excess baggage. Noses and mouths and ani stuffed with cotton, they were carted away to the hospital in town to be used as subjects for dissection.

Harassed by the heat of the summer, the tuberculars would invariably lose their appetites, and the garbage box in a corner of the yard would overflow with the remains of their meals, which rotted and filled the air with an unbearably disagreeable odor. Great clouds of flies, when disturbed, would leap into the air with a startling amount of noise. The duty of removing these remains fell to the janitor, who performed his task with bad grace, muttering, all the while, "T.b. shit and left-overs aren't even fit to be used as fertilizers." But the lepers in the common cell longingly eyed the garbage box overflowing with the left-over food. They licked their lips and grumbled about the ingratitude of those damned tuberculars who left the food given them—pot-bellied weaklings unable to eat a belly's worth of food. As soon as the jailers brought their meals the lepers began to plead for part of the tuberculars' food. Occasionally one of the tuberculars would announce a disinclination for food, and feeling pity, perhaps, the jailers would pass it on to the lepers. Smiles wreathing their faces, they would receive it joyfully and immediately begin scuffling over it. How happy they must have been! Taking advantage of the fact that there was no set hour for eating in the sick ward, the lepers would save the food and eat it an hour or so later. To listen to them smacking their lips near the window in the quiet was enough to make one shiver.

Although at first glance the lepers did not seem to have changed in the least, a slight difference in their faces was noticeable upon close inspection. An animal odor, peculiar to this illness and difficult for others to bear, diffused its unpleasantness throughout the cell during the summer, though they kept their windows wide open. Frequently the jailer on watch failed to open the door of their cell during the exercise period. The lepers, angered, aggrieved, would then stage a demonstration, stamping their feet noisily on the floor, uttering odd cries.

IN the middle of the night, Ota awoke suddenly. The time, he wondered. I must have slept at least a little. He looked up at the electric bulb dangling over his head. Perhaps it was the unquiet silence of the prison-celled night, but he felt that the bulb was swaying. He gazed at it curiously. A white moth, startlingly enormous and seemingly come from nowhere out of the midsummer night, had leeched itself against the cord. For no reason whatever, he felt nervous. Just as he turned to go to sleep again, a premonition of the coming of *that* suddenly needled his brain and swept down the entire length of his body, leaving him pale and trembling with fear. God, God, he thought, *it's* coming again. He raised himself and crouched, unmoving and resigned, cringing. Sure enough, *it* came.

As if a tidal wave were sweeping nearer and nearer

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from a distant place, its noises began to roar deep within him, gradually, gradually growing riotously nearer and crazily louder until his heart seemed about to burst asunder with the madness of this chaotic rhythm. Soon the pulses of his body began to scream, and the blood battled within his arteries as it turned back upon itself, while its pounding echoes began to reverberate torturously against the twisting sides of his sensitized skull. Teeth gritted, frozen, enduring, his eyes beginning to grow dark and blank, it was evident even to himself that his consciousness was becoming numb and gradually slipping away. . . .

When he came to again, feeling as if he had awakened from some horrible sleep, the disordered violence of his heart's beating had become somewhat more quiet. An unutterable loneliness and a vague uncertainty seized him, however, as he began to grow calmer, and he became obsessed with the fear that perhaps he was losing his mind. Unable to remain motionless for another moment, he slid quickly off his bed and began to pace wildly about his cell, wanting to scream away his terror.

Twenty minutes passed before he fully regained his composure. A deep sense of relief and a profound tiredness pervaded his being. Dazed and spent, he eased himself against the window and breathed deeply. He felt the pureness of the fresh night air flowing down into his chest and cooling his lungs. He could not see the moon from the window, but the night was beautiful with stars.

In the summer of that year Ota began to suffer from this abnormal acceleration of the heart. It was one of the symptoms of a severe case of neurasthenia, he had heard. Once a week during the night it came. Or else once in ten days. But come it did. It was certain to come. At his wits' end, Ota desperately indulged in futile attempts to escape these fits by gymnastic exercises or by sitting in a trance. Naturally, however, he was unable to escape them.

Ota was unable to ascribe the reasons for this nervous state to the physical and spiritual debility caused by illness and confinement. Although he was not aware of all of them, however, he was aware of one of the strongest of these reasons. He was quite aware that his fits had first begun to grow upon him when he began to suffer from the uneasy agitations caused by the curious shadow creeping into his Communist heart and growing larger and darker.

What was this vague uneasiness, this vague agitation? If the word "agitation" were to be defined as something in the nature of an antagonistic school of thought coming into conflict with that school to which he adhered, and defeating it—then it would be possible to say definitely that this was not the nature of the shadow. The agitation in Ota's heart was a thing which sprang up as naturally as a cloud in the summer sky, which came of living as he did in this sick ward among lepers and tuberculars as one of their sort, seeing their daily lives vividly before his very eyes. It was of the nature of something which could not quite be grasped, and yet it was just there that its strength lay. In other words, Ota had succumbed to the pressure of an unfeeling actuality.

As a Communist, Ota was young and no more than a mere intellectual. He was not of the stuff of those who had tasted the sweat and the blood of actual life and had erected the foundations of their faith upon a ground cleared by their endurance and courage. Under ordinary circumstances, that would have been enough. But let the young intellectual once encounter that side of life at once bitter and complex and cold beyond imagination, then he finds his beliefs useless and is aware only of being crushed by an overpowering actuality.

Losing even his will to battle in the face of this cruel actuality, he begins to realize clearly that the belief, the faith to which he has adhered is not of his flesh and blood, but has been merely skin deep. To reach this conclusion is a horrible thing, and what an unhappy individual is he who reaches it. To firmly believe as always in the logic of his faith's logic, to be aware of his inability to move according to this logic's demands, to realize his inability to do anything about this awareness—would it not make a man think of suicide?

Cruel, severe, harsh, juggling human lives like colored balls—this was the true picture of the thing called actuality, Ota thought, observing the world of actuality now holding him in its grasp. And was it not the first duty of a Communist to force this actuality under a fixed law man had forged out of his suffering, to discipline its violence, to curb its wild determination, to assert its blind will? And had he not come fighting for this purpose? Yes, but all the time his brain whispered to him of duty, his heart shunned the battle and sought for nothing but an escape from actuality.

Without the least desire to lead an active life, losing his interest in all affairs, merely despising all reality, he reached the state where he whiled his days away stupidly, leaving only the vague dreaminess of his hermit-like existence lightly impressed on his mind.

There were times, however, when the passion of his past would rise within him and run hurricane-like and rioting across the surface of his mind. At these times, Ota would become wildly, exuberantly excited, clenching his fists, feeling the hotness of his cheeks. The next moment, however, a spiteful voice would seep through his exuberance, destroying it, whispering, what is this to you, to you who are dying? And then he would return again to his usual state, as cold as the ashes of the dead.

In contrast with Ota's apathy, how vigorous was the vitality of the rotting lepers! Their appetites were enormous, several times that of average men. Their sexual appetites, too, were apparently strong and hard to suppress. Once on a summer night the four lepers in the common cell had been enthusiastically engaged in vividly pornographic talk, when suddenly one of them fell to the floor on his hands and knees and began to imitate the actions of an animal at a certain period, laughing gleefully all the while. Unconsciously Ota raised his voice in a cry, strongly struck by this exhibition of the brute-like blindness of the impulses governing the lives of men. Resenting these impulses, he had shuddered at the horror of living.

That same summer, a sixty-year-old man, who had been ill for nearly three years, died at daybreak in the

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tuberculosis section of the sick ward. After the corpse had been carried away, it was discovered that the grass mat on the old man's bed was half rotten. A thick layer of white mildew was found between the mat and the bedsheet, and his blankets were stiff with dried excrement. At the time these revolting discoveries were being made, the old man's fellow prisoners were battling for his left-over rice jelly. How pitiful humanity was!

Feeling dark, without consolation, Ota passed his days. Aside from physical suffering, he felt that if he kept on living in this drab monotony, the day would come when the mere thought of continuing to live would be painful. There was no misconception in this presentiment, he knew. When he thought of that day, he was unable to keep from shuddering.

A man frequently encounters those things not even thought of, and he is made to feel the presence of—what is it?—destiny? fate? It was when Ota had fallen into the mire of uncertainty and was trying desperately to pull himself out of its viscuousness that he unexpectedly came face to face with his former comrade, Ryozo Okada.

THE sound of the door of a distant cell opening penetrated Ota's stupor. Other sounds, too: of human footsteps, and mingled with this the sound of something being dragged in. Somewhat feverish for no particular reason, Ota awoke into the daylight and began to think hazily, dreamily, listening to the sounds as if still asleep, wondering, that is Cell 1, the common cell, the empty cell, that must be a new patient.

"A new patient, Ota. There's a new patient in Cell 1." Murai's voice was a bit hoarse and tight, as if he were trying to strangle his excitement. Passing their days in the drabbest monotony, the arrival of another patient was more stimulating to the prisoners than anything else. That was why Ota waited so anxiously to catch a glimpse of the newcomer during the exercise period the next day, his eyes glistening brightly with interest, so impatiently, so wonderingly.

Not satiated interest, however, caused the slight turmoil in his breast the moment he caught a glimpse of the stranger, and caused him to catch his breath. It was a lovely autumn day, and the flowers and the grass the prisoners had cultivated in the yard adjoining the sick ward were beautiful. The small path weaving its way through the garden was allotted to the prisoners for walking, but the figures of the walkers could not be seen very clearly from Ota's cell because of the reflection of the sun's dazzling brilliance upon the glass of the corridor door opening into the yard. Besides, the pane in Ota's cell door was small, and its range of vision was very limited. The walkers vanished the moment after they entered its narrowness, so that Ota could only catch a glimpse of the figure of the new patient, but that glimpse was enough to bring a chaotic turmoil into his heart.

Needless to say, the stranger was a leper. Moreover, judged by his exterior, his was an advanced case. Changed as his features were by the ravages of the disease, it was difficult to state his age exactly, but the youthful swinging of his arms and the spring in his walk were enough to pronounce him still young. His face was swollen a dark purple, and the swelling extended as far as the nape of his neck. His hair was already very sparse, and it was difficult to distinguish his eyebrows from a distance. He was a large man, heavily built. Ota remained motionless at the opening of his cell during the leper's exercise, watching him, trying to quell the storm within his breast. Even after the man had gone back to his cell, he could not quiet down for a long time.

From that day on, Ota began to watch the movements of the stranger with singularly concentrated studiousness. He was convinced that he had seen the stranger somewhere before. Each time Ota glimpsed the stranger's face, something stirred in the bottom of his heart. But what that something was, Ota could not fathom. As the days passed by, the face of the leper gradually burned deeper into Ota's being. Each twisted line of the disease ravaged face was sharply etched on his mind, and appeared even more clearly when he closed his eyes, and now the face seemed to close in upon his heart, imbued with something threatening.

It was night, and Ota was seated in a room with four or five men. It was one of those tearooms, perhaps, lining the well lit streets of Osaka. Was it after some meeting? The men were talking loudly, arguing vehemently, and there seemed to be no immediate possibility of the argument coming to a close.

Again, Ota was striding through the darkness along a street on the outskirts of a city, shoulder to shoulder with four or five men. A foul-smelling canal flowed viscuously along one side of the road. At the bend in the canal, the huge chimney of the factory toward which they were headed loomed serenely before them. Each of the men had handbills hidden in his pockets. Suppressing his excitement, speaking little, each stalked steadily forward, taking long, determined steps, shoulder to shoulder, solid, one.

Scenes from a life now lost to him, they arose in Ota's mind of a sudden. And somewhere in these scenes, it seemed, the face of the stranger appeared from time to time. Though it was like the elusive shadow of a bird passing swiftly over the ground, Ota would firmly grasp one of these scenes out of his past. With this as a lead, he would begin to grope backward and forward along the tangled lines of his memory, as if trying desperately to unravel a badly knotted skein. But strained as it was by his illness, his brain was not able to endure the arduousness of prolonged thinking, and he would soon tire himself out. Wearied and despairing, Ota would let go his hold on the key line and lie down on his back to fall into a tortured sleep soon after.

There were times when he awoke suddenly in the middle of the night. The moment he opened his eyes and the dim light of the bulb struck them, a feeling that he had come upon something would seize him. Or perhaps he had only been dreaming. At times, the features of the many comrades of his past would appear successively before his eyes, and it seemed to him that one among them coincided precisely with those of the stranger. However, it did not go beyond being but a transient flutter of the heart. Feeling as keenly disappointed as if he had lost something he had grasped in his hand, Ota was then unable to close his eyes until the next day had dawned.

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The behavior of the new leper was often unaccountable. From his first day in the ward, he had worn an air of imperturbable indifference, and Ota found himself unable to read the expression of his cold pokerface. The ward patients had always taken special interest in a new entry, wondering what his crime was and how many times he had been jailed before, and now they carefully watched the movements of the new prisoner through the steel bars. They had whispered to each other softly, sniffing as if with great significance, indulging in various wild speculations, one, perhaps, mumbling that he thought he had seen the man in some factory or some shop somewhere. And to all the unutterable greetings the new patient responded with a smile. If someone chanced to speak to him, he would often take advantage of the moment and pour out the whole history of his crime and his illness, chanting it and satiating the curiosity of the old prisoners.

The behavior of the new patient, however, was wholly unprecedented. He always preserved an air of calmness not in keeping with the prison world, and it was his habit during his exercises to walk quickly around and around the garden, glancing neither to the left nor the right, as if he had already traversed the same road many times. Disappointment was the lot of those prisoners who expected the stranger to show an attitude of concern and to look about questioningly, uncertain and uneasy, as if he had been brought to some awesome place. They began to feel something like an introverted sulkiness in the indifferent attitude of the new patient, quiet and apart, and finally ended up by classifying him as one of those guys who were too good. They watched him guardedly and with interest, however, white eyes shining, yet with a slight antagonism.

Quiet the man was, but his quietness was of no ordinary degree. If it were not for the daily exercise or the infrequent baths, the inmates of the ward would have forgotten his existence. What did he do, what did he think of all day, alone in the barren largeness of his common cell? Books he had not, nor anything to console the eye and the ear. What did he think of as he sat face to face with the disease which daily crept nearer the core of his soul and body? The horror of passing day after day with nothing to do but sit with arms crossed is such that there would be only insanity to look forward to if it were not for the opportunity of stealing a few words with the prisoners in the adjoining cells. The new prisoner, however, spoke not a word. And was he satisfied with everything given him? Not once did he pull the signal cord for the guard in order to ask him for something new. Although his disease continued to ravage his face, he did not seem to be deeply concerned over it, and he carried himself as lightly and youthfully as ever during his exercise.

It struck Ota as odd that the new inmate was alone in his enormous common cell. The common cell lodging the four lepers was large enough for eight men, and it would have been usual to put him there. Was the nature of his crime such that he had to be placed in solitary? If so, then it was possible to transfer Murai into the large cell with the four and place the newcomer in Murai's solitary cell. Murai's crime was not such as to necessitate solitary confinement.

Reasoning thus, the thought which had sprouted in Ota's mind the moment he had seen the newcomer's face, that feeling of having seen him before, returned to him. And though he had tried hard to suppress it, he was struck by its new clarity. The man who was but two cells away from him, the man whose crime made the prison authorities isolate him, was a man imprisoned under the same charges as Ota. The new leper was undoubtedly a comrade. His must be the changed figure of a comrade Ota had known somewhere!

Ota tried many times to abandon the thought that the leper was one of his friends. He tried to dismiss the figure of the man from his mind by unearthing all of the dubious points about him. He tried to put his mind at ease. Ota could not bear to think of the suffering sure to be his when the sorry figure of the leper proved to be a comrade. But he was forced to recognize the stronger positiveness of the points proving the stranger to be one. After a few days, Ota was completely spent by the battles these two groups of thoughts fought in his mind. The newcomer appeared daily in the yard all during this period, and Ota daily saw the face he almost remembered but could not quite remember.

The question was solved one day, however. One afternoon, a month after the newcomer's arrival, Murai left his cell to write a letter. He returned to his cell a little later and began whispering excitedly to Ota.

"Ota, Ota, are you awake?"

"Yes, I'm awake. What is it?"

"Well, the man in Cell 1—I know his name."

"What! you know his name!" Unconsciously, Ota stretched forward. "How did you find out? and what is it?"

"Okada, Ryozo Okada. I saw it on one of his postcards."

"What! Ryozo Okada!"

Because of the fact that the newcomer was a leper, the mail clerk had stuck the postcard on a board and put it out in the sun to be sterilized. Murai had seen the name there.

Murai was struck by the way Ota had repeated the name.

"What's the matter, Ota?" he quickly asked. "Do you know him?"

"No, no, I just thought I'd heard it before," Ota answered weakly and turned back into his cell. His eyes swam and his feet wobbled as if he had been struck a sharp blow on the head. He leaned against his bed and stood silently for a few moments. Then he threw himself sideways on his bed. He stared at the familiar stain on the ceiling, feeling himself growing calmer, repeating the name Ryozo Okada over and over to himself. So that pathetic leper was Ryozo Okada captured.

As the chaos in his head gradually returned to order, Ota's thoughts took him back five years into the past. Ota had then been a secretary at the headquarters of the Farmers' Union. One day as he was preparing to go home, Nakamura of the Laborers' Union sauntered up to him. "I want to have a talk with you," he said. The two walked out of the office together and began strolling toward Ota's rented rooms in Shikan-jima.

"One of our comrades returned from abroad re-

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cently," Nakamura began. "You see, when he left three years ago, he was involved in a big incident, and the police are still on the watch for him. Naturally, he won't be able to stand in the front lines for awhile yet. I want to put him where he'll be safe until he learns more about the movement here in Japan. You can see that it would be very inconvenient to put him in the home of a member of the Laborers' Union. You belong to the Farmers' Union, and you're supposed to be living at the headquarters, aren't you? It isn't so widely known that you live in your rooms at Shikan-jima. I wonder if you would put him up for about a month."

Ota had assented, and Nakamura led him to a tea-room where he was to meet the new comrade. The man was about the age of Ota. He advanced smilingly toward them and replied courteously to Nakamura's introduction. His name was Masao Yamamoto. During the course of the conversation, Ota noticed a slight northeastern accent in his speech and was struck by the honest simplicity of his character. Much later, Ota discovered that Masao Yamamoto was in reality Ryozo Okada.

Ota was then living in two rooms rented in the home of a distant relative. They were on the second story, and Ota turned the larger one over to Okada. Though they had adjoining rooms, the two lived without much intimacy, since Ota did not have much chance to talk to Okada, leaving as he did early in the morning and returning late at night. There were times when Okada was asleep when Ota returned, but there were also times when he was writing by the light of his dim lamp.

One cold day in November, about a month later, Okada left the house and did not return. Circumstances, of course, Ota thought. But he recalled that that very morning Okada had entered his room as if for a talk, but had retired with a startled cry upon seeing Ota rolled up in a single, thin blanket. Perhaps, Ota thought, Okada is too gentle and must have felt that he was giving me too much trouble. Ota had given one of his two blankets to Okada when it became cold.

Still he was worried, and a few days later he looked Nakamura up. "Oh, it's all right now. The truth is I was thinking of seeing you today. He's settled where he wants to be now, I think. Thanks for tolerating him for so long," Nakamura said, thus easing Ota's anxiety.

In November 192— the Japanese Communist Party began to move into action, and Ryozo Okada, alias Masao Yamamoto, went into hiding to take his place among the party's outstanding leaders. Soon after Ota left Osaka to work in the provincial districts. In the spring of that year a financial panic had seized the country, and its reverberations were gradually seeping into the provinces. After leading a number of large and small struggles, Ota had become a full-fledged Communist. He now began to lead the complex and difficult agrarian movement, constantly bombarding the headquarters of the party with various opinions concerning the policies of the movement. Each time he received a reply to his views, he was startled. What penetrating logic, what experience, what practicality! When the opinions he had forged in the heat of his heart until they seemed fool-proof were shattered thoroughly and hurled back at him, Ota's self-confidence was destroyed, and he felt something akin to resentment. But always, Ota found that his unknown critic's viewpoints were right, and he was almost chagrined at the dullness of his own mind. What a man has been born to Japan, Ota often thought. And he would feel the dauntless spirit of his critic pulsing somewhere in the streets of Osaka, where the soot constantly soiled the air. Feeling this, Ota would feel a new determination springing up within him. Later Ota discovered from the investigations carried on during his trial that the name of his critic was Ryozo Okada.

Since Okada's face was not so vividly impressed in Ota's mind and since Okada had managed to slip through the dragnet laid after the 3.15 incident, it was natural that Ota should have failed to recognize Okada in the leper's distorted features. After the shock given him by the discovery of the leper's identity had quieted down, various questions galloped crazily around in Ota's muddled brain. When was he caught? When did he become ill? Does he know who I am? How shall I approach him? Should I approach him?

Anxiously awaiting the exercise period the next day, Ota looked at the leper with something like fear. His glances were stolen and surreptitious at first, but gradually his gaze became more steady until he fixed it unfalteringly upon Okada's face. Yes, now he saw that it was Okada. But even one who had lived with him every day for years and had seen his face constantly would have had to look twice before recognizing him as he now was. Little of Okada's former appearance could be found in the wide, jutting forehead and the narrowed eyes and indistinct eyebrows that were now his. The wide prominent forehead with its lock of long hair dangling down over it had at once impressed one with the intellectual excellence of the brain behind it, but now the thinned hair and sparse eyebrows gave it an idiotic air. The purpurescent swollen face had an eerie luster, and one eye was almost closed and very small. And the much-faded, many-patched prison garb and the tattered sandals added to the shabbiness of his appearance. Watching Okada stepping briskly along the path, sometimes breaking into a little trot, sometimes walking slowly, shoulders hunched now that the cold winds of mid-autumn had begun to blow, Ota could not help but cry: ah, is this the man Okada? Unable to continue looking at his changed figure, he tore himself from his window and threw himself on the bed. Though he was able to suppress them for a while, large tears soon began to stream copiously down his cheeks.

Innumerable and various misfortunes had befallen the lives of imprisoned Communists before. Ota remembered the ruin of a comrade who had been shocked horribly when the woman who was his comrade and wife had deserted their child and their beliefs and bolted with a man who might be said to belong to the enemy class. Ota remembered others, too—comrades separated from their parents or wives or children or sweethearts by death. Many others. But in these cases, time inevitably healed their wounds. There was always the end of their sentences, and the thought of this was enough to make their hearts dance. But not so with Okada. All was ended for him.

How was Okada passing his days? Knowing himself

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to be the cripple he was, how did he feel? Having lived in the joy of being a Communist, how did he take it? Did he retain his burning faith in his beliefs? Or had he succumbed before religion? Did he ever think of suicide? Ota quivered with curiosity and excitement as he thought of the answers to these questions, unanswerable at present.

After thinking it over carefully, Ota decided to speak to Okada. Although he did not relish the unfeeling cruelty of having to speak to the comrade now so transformed, still it was not possible, he thought, to spend the long years before them under the same roof without recognizing each other. But when he thought of the moment of their meeting, Ota turned pale.

OTA realized that it was best to take advantage of his exercise period to speak to Okada, since he passed below the window of Okada's cell during his exercise. The opportunity, however, did not come so easily. Since Ota was alone, he was not subjected to very strict surveillance during his exercise period, and the old guard spent most of the time in the yard puttering around among the potted plants there or in the garden of the ordinary sick ward gathering odd branches of various flowers. No attempts were made to observe the time limit of Ota's exercise period, and everything was carried on in a loose manner; but the sought for opportunity did not come very easily.

One day, however, soon after transplanting had begun of the autumn chrysanthemums blooming gorgeously in the yard of the ordinary sick ward, several handymen carried a number of plant pots into the yard during Ota's exercise period, and the flower-loving guard ambled off to watch them. The long awaited opportunity had come at last. Fortunately, Okada was standing at the window of his cell. Summoning up his courage and looking neither to the right nor to the left, Ota advanced straight towards the window and stopped underneath it. The moment the eyes of the two men met, Ota forced himself to smile, experiencing an odd crumbling of his set face.

"Okada!" All emotions were vested in his voice as Ota spoke Okada's name, and remained silent for a few moments afterwards. "I'm Ota. Jiro Ota. Of *S* prefecture. Do you remember me?"

Although Ota had imagined the meeting many times and had carefully prepared the words he would mouth on the occasion, he found that he was terribly confused and unable to speak so glibly now that the time had really come. Okada replied with a smile, revealing a perfect set of white teeth. Only his teeth were unchanged, and they served only to impress Ota with a sense of discordance.

"Of course, I remember. It's a queer place to meet again, isn't it?" It was a calm voice, quiet and vibrant. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?" he continued. "Well met! I knew you were here the day after I was brought here, but I hesitated to recognize you. After all, my body is as you can see, and I thought there was no need to startle you needlessly."

Hearing Okada's words, Ota felt relieved. The doubt in his heart was cleared away the moment Okada spoke. So it is Okada, he thought, it is Okada.

"When were you caught? You escaped the 3.15 . . ."

"In August of the same year—less than six months later. My freedom was short-lived."

Okada spoke with extreme lightness. Ota was startled by the fact that there was no change in his speech. Contrasted to the horrible change in his features, this changelessness served only to strike Ota to the quick.

"And your illness," Ota began, but he stammered and hesitated. Bluntly, however, he continued: "And when did you become ill?"

"Well, the first symptoms began to show a few months after my capture—in the spring. But somehow they disappeared almost immediately. I didn't worry much about it at the time, but they came out again during my trial. By that time it was perfectly clear that I was afflicted, and a doctor had already pronounced me a leper."

"The movement outside seems to have changed greatly, doesn't it?" Afraid to hear more about Okada's disease, Ota awaited a break in his comrade's flow of words, and suddenly thrust in with a few irrelevant words. He spoke of a number of rumors about the party's activities that he had heard since coming to prison. But it is cruel, he reflected, to talk so to Okada. Okada is not the same Okada of the past. I talk of a world he cannot hope to attain again. It is cruel. Ota fell into silence.

"Are there any books in your cell?" he asked a moment later.

"No, none at all."

"What do you do every day?"

"Oh, nothing much. I sit around, but that's all." Again, Okada's smile revealed his teeth. "You can't sleep nights, can you? It may be due to your illness, perhaps, but you should try to put your mind more at ease. Of course, it depends a lot on the nature of the person, but . . ."

Advice, Ota thought; he's probably heard me asking the doctor for those sleeping powders.

"I have a marvelous appetite," Okada continued, "and I can sleep like a log. Perhaps you think too much. Of course, you can't help but begin to think when you come to a place like this, but you can't rely on a single idea you cook up here. You think that you've come across a splendid idea, but the moment you get out you realize that it's no go. You see, this world is dead, while the world outside is living. I know there's no need to tell you all this, but it's something I found out when I was imprisoned for a year a long time ago."

At this moment, Ota heard the guard returning and reluctantly began to draw away from the window. But he remembered that he had forgotten to ask an important question.

"And how long is your sentence?"

"Seven years."

Astonished by the words "seven years," Ota returned to his cell. A sentence of seven years spoke of the fact that Okada had not rejected his beliefs or succumbed before his enemies. According to his words, he had been more or less definitely pronounced a leper when his appeal trial had started. It was evident, however, that his stand during the trial had not changed in the least

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because of his disease. Ota was unable to fall asleep that night for remembering Okada's words and perceiving the Okada of the past in them, especially in his advice and his last words.

From that day on, Ota became lively and enthusiastic. He began to look forward to the morning's reveille. The fact that he lived under the same roof with Okada seemed to give him strength. Okada, on the other hand, did not appear to have changed at all. He remained as quiet as ever, showing no particular desire to contact Ota again—far, aloof, and restrained. But he never failed to return Ota's smiles whenever they exchanged glances during the exercise period, smiles replete with the emotions of an ineffable nature, smiles sharing the comradeliness of a common faith.

It was clear, however, that Okada's attitude was not that of a man perplexed and wandering. Rather, his was an attitude strangely calm, as if he were penetrating through to the deepest depths of man's destiny. But what was the reason for Okada's calmness? Ota found that he could no more answer that question after the interview than before. Perhaps the question was to remain unanswered forever.

Although it was only for a few moments, Ota was able to speak to Okada again two or three times, and he found that they had both recaptured the intimacy of former days.

"Tell me, Okada, how do you feel about things now?" he once asked, unable to express what he meant to say more clearly.

"How do I feel?" Okada smiled. "Well, even I can't say exactly how I feel without plumbing more deeply into myself. Besides, there's no way of letting you know, and I doubt if I could express myself very clearly." He paused thoughtfully for a moment and continued, "I can tell you this much definitely, though. Even though my body is half rotten, I haven't deserted my beliefs. It isn't bravado that makes me say this, nor am I forcing myself to say it. A rotten mess of a body flaunting a staunch bravado would cut a sorry figure, wouldn't it? My stand comes naturally, Ota, extremely so. You ought to know that I wouldn't be able to live another day if it weren't so. I haven't cast aside my beliefs, Ota, I have *not* cast aside my beliefs. Another thing, too: no matter what happens, I won't kill myself here. As long as I can keep on, I intend to go on living."

Thus Okada spoke at the time, his voice vibrant and very low.

One afternoon about a week later, four men paid a sudden visit to Okada's cell. They entered Okada's cell and conversed noisily for a while. Finally someone said, "It's warmer and brighter outside. Perhaps it would be better there."

A moment later, Okada and the other men straggled out into the yard. There Okada was stripped of his clothes. Naked, except for his loin-cloth, he stood in the sunniest corner of the yard directly before the leprosy section. Ota found that he was able to observe the men from his window by stretching a little, and he watched them a bit nervously.

The men were evidently doctors, and with them was the head doctor of the prison. The oldest of the doctors stared thoughtfully at Okada's body from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Okada was given a curt command, and he changed his position. Ota started when he saw Okada's raw back, entirely covered with a cruel flowering of scarlet sores, peony-like and outlined brilliantly against the whiteness of his naked body.

Again Okada was given a command, and he closed his eyes.

"You must speak truthfully," one of the doctors said. "Can you understand?"

Okada nodded. The doctor spoke again. Okada raised both his arms, and the doctor began to tickle the ends of his fingers with a fine hairbrush to test his sense of feeling.

"Can you feel it?" the doctor asked. Okada's head moved almost imperceptibly—from the left to the right, from the left to the right.

"Relax, relax," the doctor continued and began to test Okada's arms and legs carefully. Evidently he was feeling Okada's lymphatic glands. The doctor continued to speak at irregular intervals, and each time he spoke, Okada nodded or shook his head.

After examining Okada's eyes, his mouth, after going over his entire body carefully for about a half-hour, the doctors left. When Ota spoke to Okada for the last time a few days later, he mentioned the examination.

"What happened? Did they think they'd made a mistake and come to reëxamine you?" he asked, but it was more than a question. Ota believed and believed profoundly that this had been the cause of the reëxamination, although he felt that it was really nothing more than an empty hope, to which he clung for straw-like self-consolation.

Okada did not appear at all impressed by the incident. "A reëxamination, yes. But it was only to bolster the final decree, I think, because there'd been no doubts before. Two of them were specialists from a sanatorium near Osaka. They've decided completely against me, Ota. It's something like a death sentence."

They parted, and Ota did not find another opportunity to speak to Okada.

HOW long was this life going to continue—this life like a stagnant mire, like a monotonous blotch of a single gray, unbroken and unrelieved? Another year dawned, another spring, and another season of rains came. Within the sick ward, the number of bedridden prisoners grew enormously. Although this happened every year during the rainy season, it never failed to darken the hearts of the convicts.

One bright mid-afternoon, when the rain had cleared away into a stark, burning brilliance, a Korean prisoner's strained sanity suddenly snapped into raving madness. Screaming at the top of his voice, butting his head smash into the glass of his window, violently, with complete abandon, he began to rage and storm about his cell, blood streaming from his head, his voice needled to a piercing edge. Wrists corded tightly and cruelly until the thin ropes ate into his flesh, his tattered garment torn and almost stripped off his back by the guard's hands, he was dragged off, screaming with his madness and his fear and his pain. Four years of the

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Korean's five-year sentence had been spent here.

From that night on, the voice of a man screaming at the top of his voice until it seemed as if his throat must split began to be heard from the madhouse near the isolated sick ward. It was the Korean's voice. At first screaming, *"Aigo!* Save me! Help! Help!" the voice gradually began to change until it soon resembled the moaning howl of some animal. On such a night, bitterns could be heard crying and winging their way across the sky. The shadows of the flock moved across the ground on a beautifully moonlit night.

Soon after the rains had set in, Ota joined the ranks of the bedridden. The rains lifted, and it was summer, intense, burning, hot. A high fever leeched itself upon Ota's weakened frame, warping his nerves, distorting his senses, and Ota felt that he could hear the tuberculus bacilli flowing into his veins with every pound of his pulse. At the same time he began to vomit frequently. The vomiting continued for a week and continued for a half-month—and when a month had passed by and the vomiting still continued, Ota realized that it was not caused by an ordinary stomach disorder, but by the fact that his intestines now were being attacked by the disease. A doctor came to examine him, but he left without a word, shaking his head thoughtfully.

About this time Ota began to feel the dark shadow of death enfolding him in its embrace. His eyes would darken, and he would become dizzy if he raised himself on his bed even for a moment. He began to suffer frequently from hallucinations. By gazing steadily at the peeling stucco on the walls, he could see bug-like shadows zooming across his line of vision. If he allowed his eyes to follow them, the shadows would become one and exorbitantly enormous, spreading out over the walls like a horrible monster. Suppressing his fear, he would stare at the shadow, watching it split into two, into three, into four parts, gradually changing into the face of his mother or his brother. Then suddenly, as if he were abruptly awakening from a dream, he would return to the world of actuality.

In his dreams, everything he had experienced over a long period of time flashed before him in a brief moment, and he would open his eyes, awakened by the sound of his voice moaning in anguish.

Thus face to face with the shadow of death, Ota found it strange that he did not care very much. He discovered that a prison death, now that it was an actuality, cruelly narrowing down upon him, did not have the drama and romance it had possessed in the novels he had read. Besides the rash inevitability of his disease, there was the stifling pressure of a capitalist state crushing him beneath its sordid heaviness.

Ah, am I fated merely to die off like this? Ota often thought, melting upon his tongue the sweetness of the rice jelly licked by the dying. His heart was unexpectedly calm and resigned, a heart devoid of the excitement his beliefs had stirred up within him once, a heart living stagnantly without the least desire to live. We are destined to a prison death, anyway, either through illness or through violence, he would add unemotionally. Whence this feeling came, he himself was unable to tell. Though it was a long time since he had last seen him, the face of Okada constantly reappeared in his dreams. Perhaps it was because he clearly realized that he received a spiritual bolstering from Okada, inexplicable, intangible, that he had been impressed with a deep strength through Okada.

A man of unshakable staunchness, afflicted though he was by an unutterably harsh destiny, Ryozo Okada was a person to be looked upon with respect and awe. So Ota thought, but he found that his lost freedom prevented him from fathoming the true depths of the suffering leper's heart. Ota had no alternative other than to accept a lonely relinquishment and resignation.

"I have not cast aside my beliefs." Okada's words seemed to explain all. But nothing was explained if it came to the question of how he had reached his decision, through what torturous roads he had reached it, through what battles fought in his heart. "I have not cast aside my beliefs. . . ." Ota did not doubt for a moment Okada's assertion that his words were unfettered and unforced, for he knew that Okada's faiths were in his blood and one with his life; and Ota envied Okada his stand. If Okada guarded his beliefs through pressure, if he could not rest securely in his conscience until he had forced his heart to accept them, then it would clearly signify Okada's defeat. But as long as this was not so, Okada would remain the supreme victor, even though his body rotted away into a roadside mess. Ota respected Okada and envied him; for he knew that Okada had won, while he himself had lost. Okada's world was to remain for Ota a distant desire, which he was never to attain. In this, too, Ota felt a lonely resignation.

It was said that the presence of Ota and Okada under the same roof was one of the more important issues discussed at each meeting of the prison board of directors. Rumors of this sort came floating into the ears of the prisoners from nowhere. One of the patrols had once seen the two comrades talking to each other and had warned the guard about it. It was said that a suitable method of separating the two was being considered. Such plans, however, soon became unnecessary, for Ota's illness became worse.

One afternoon, about a week after it became impossible for Ota to swallow even the thinnest of gruels, the head doctor suddenly opened the door of Ota's cell. Without a word and with expressionless faces, two orderlies helped Ota take off his prison garb and slipped his arms through the sleeves of a new kimono. Deep in the bottom of his numbed instincts, Ota felt the fragrance of his old mother emanate from the kimono.

As soon as Ota was transferred to the stretcher which was waiting for him, the orderlies carried him smoothly and quickly out of the sick ward. The fat head doctor followed, his eyes fixed steadily on the ground. Near the gate at the end of the yard stood the warden, watching the procession, probably waiting with a writ suspending Ota's sentence.

When Ota lifted his head slightly from the swaying stretcher and looked in the direction of the sick ward for the last time, it seemed to him that he saw the swollen lion's-face of Comrade Ryozo Okada pressed against the steel bars of his window, seeing him off, but his declining consciousness became numb again, and finally slipped into the oblivion of a dark, deep coma. . . .

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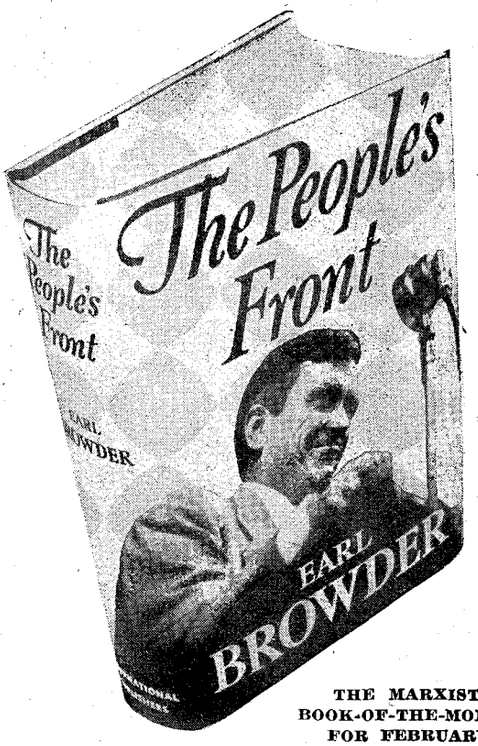

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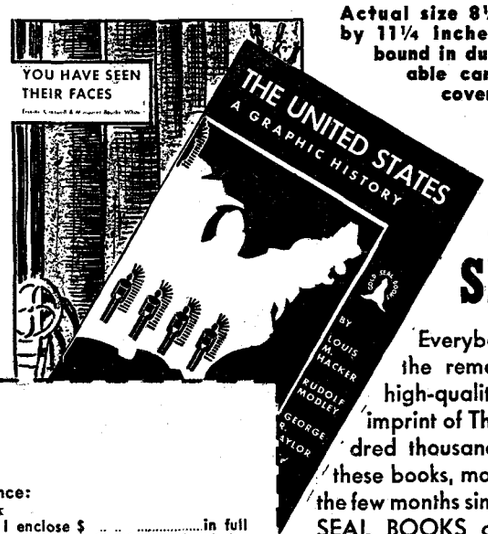

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